L. P. Fisher
Merchts Exchange

The Yolo Democrat.

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The Yolo Democrat

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Editor and Proprietor.

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In great variety,

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF

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79 J Street, between 3d and 4th.
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Each panel is separate and simply slips into another, and when put together can be drawn off bodily by hitching to the end of it.

It cannot be blown over by the Wind

Or pushed over by Live Stock. It can be made any height or length of panels to suit. It is very easily put together and taken apart, as it locks itself, and two men and teams will take down, move and put up again—anywhere within a mile—two miles of it in a day.

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Manufactured at Newton & Co's. Lumber Yard.

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CACHEVILLE, July 12th, 1879. jy17d6t,w4t

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Families supplied with Fresh Bread, Crackers, Cakes, Etc.

WEDDING CAKES SUPPLIED TO ORDER.

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Corner K and Seventh Streets.

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$1500 To $6000 a year, or $5 to $20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50 cents to $2 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free. Samples worth $5 also free. You can then make up your mind for yourself. Address, GEORGE STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. jy9dw

LONDON LETTER.

Opening of the Great Agricultural Fair

LONDON, July 10, 1879.

EDITOR DEMOCRAT:—The Exhibition of the Royal Agricultural Society of England was opened with appropriate ceremonies on the 30th of June. The first Triennial Celebration of the Society was held at Oxford in 1839 under the presidency of Earl Spencer, and upon that occasion our great orator, Daniel Webster, who was present, held language which was less applicable to British farmers at this moment than it was forty years ago. He told his hearers the whole world looked up to English agriculture as to a parent; that in no other country was it so well understood as a science or so well practiced as an art, as among the English people; that the civilized and commercial interests of mankind were so blended that the fear or the prospect of a short crop in England must derange and agitate the business transactions and monetary speculations and exchanges of the whole civilized globe; and that, if there should be a frost in England fifteen or twenty days later in the spring, or a dozen cold or wet days when the harvest is reaped and garnered, every corn exchange in the world would be affected if not convulsed by the result. Since these words were spoken by Mr. Webster, the tendency of the day—thanks to the distance—defying inventions and applications of steam and electricity, is more and more in the direction of equalization of prices throughout the globe. The dealers and speculators in cereals upon the exchanges of Chicago, Milwaukee and San Francisco are now as well acquainted each successive day with the price of wheat in Mark Lane as the English merchants who determine or set the price of grain in the greatest commercial market of civilization. Simultaneously the shippers of live cattle, sheep or hogs, or of dead meats from the ports of the United States to these islands, know whether the moment is propitious for fresh consignments to foreign shores. The whole world in fact is now an enormous glass house, in which every transaction that takes place is seen and reported with lightning speed and unerring accuracy. The British farmer is upon his trial, and his interests are so inseparably woven with those of his landlord and those of his laborers that it is more than ever necessary for him to address himself seriously to the task of rising in the scale of respective and intelligent humanity. For these reasons this International Exhibition of the Royal Agricultural Society offers an opportunity to farmers of learning how they stand when compared with their rivals beyond the seas. Seventeen years ago the Society held one of its annual shows at Battersea, and was patronized by so scanty a contingent of spectators as to leave a serious deficiency in the balance sheet of its council.

The architectural work of the great show is magnificent. Near the unrivalled horse ring and long, sweeping line of raised and covered seats, are the dormitories for foreign herdsmen.

The trials of railway wagons entered in competition for the gold medal and prize of $50 offered by the Mansion House Committee "for the best wagon for conveying perishable articles, such as fish, poultry, game, etc., a journey of 500 miles the trucks to retain their contents at a temperature of 45 degrees Fahrenheit for a period of six days," will commence to-morrow, when the vans will be attached to the train from Camden Station on the London and Northwestern Railway, reaching London at 4:30 P.M. The wagons will not then be opened, but will be placed in the show yard, with their contents still sealed up, to undergo the stationary trial. The articles of food to be deposited in the wagons will consist of a side of ox beef, a carcass of ewe and weather mutton, a side of veal, a lamb, a porker, a leveret and a couple each of fouls, ducks and rabbits. OBSERVER.

DR. GLENN ON THE BRIGHT SIDE

The Stanislaus *News*, whose editor is on the Democratic ticket of his County for the Assembly, thus speaks of Dr. Glenn, the Democratic New Constitutional candidate for Governor:

Thus far we have failed to find a man who possessed an intimate acquaintance with him that is not his friend and anxious to vote for him. There are business men who dealt with him; men who crossed the plains with him; men who served with him in the Mexican war; men who stood guard with him in Indian countries; men who worked for him on his large farm, and they have all spoken well of him to us. Amongst the number is one who belongs to the ministry of one of the popular denominations of our country, and whose labors threw him in the neighborhood of the Doctor's big farm. We found the preacher, like the Republican who worked for, him as a laborer for wages, a warm Glenn man for Governor. The reverend gentleman informs us that Dr. Glenn is a true, wholesouled man, warm in his impulses, and generous to every one and every good cause. He was pained to know that men, for political purposes, would blacken the character of so good a man as Dr. Glenn. He assures us that the story that Dr. Glenn worked Chinamen on his farm must be false, as he certainly did not use them for the two years he was in the neighborhood. He knows the Dr. and his estimable wife well, and pronounced him one of the most intelligent as well as hard working men in the Sacramento Valley, and in every sense qualified to become the Governor of California.

These endorsements come to us from candid men of all classes and parties, before the popular mind is inflamed with partisan prejudices; even before party ilues are drawn, and, hence, are valuable testimonials of the man's true character.

THE Democratic nominee for Justice of the Peace of Cache Creek Township, Mr. Elias Peterson, is a gentleman of unblemished character and whose fitness for the office has already been tested to the satisfaction of the people. It is not a lucrative office, but it requires a man of sense, judgment and experience in such matters to make a good Justice. Such a man is Mr. Peterson.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION PARTY—OF WHAT USE IS IT?

It is of about the same use and necessity as the fifth wheel of a coach, a tail to a toad, or two tails to a horse. It is only gotten up and urged on by despairing, unscrupulous politicians, to distract and defeat the Democratic party. This new party is made up mainly of Democrats, and chiefly of those who are itching for office, and are flattered and cajoled by such enemies of the Democracy as the *Chronicle*. What does that paper care for the new Constitution? It is an unprincipled hobbyist, ready to mount any hobby that will give it a little notoriety—and help sell the paper. That is the extent of its patriotism, as every sensible reader well knows. Is there any use or need of such a party? None whatever. The regular old Democratic party, whose candidates are now in the field, is a far safer party to entrust with the honest carrying out of this new organic law than any new tangled party, made up of the odds and ends of all parties, with a preponderance of deserters from the Democratic party. There is not an intelligent man among them all that does not know that the Democracy would give a more liberal interpretation to that document, far more fully in accordance with the wishes and true interests of the people, than the Republican party, with its well known monopoly features and instincts—the party that will most likely succeed at the approaching election if the Democracy shall be defeated. These new party organizers know that they cannot stand a ghost of a chance for success, arrayed as they are against all the other parties in the field. All it can do is to injure the Democratic party, but that only temporarily. If it should succeed in so impairing the strength and distracting the energies of the Democracy as to cause its defeat, (which we can scarcely conceive it has the power to do), the Democratic element in that party will incur a fearful responsibility. Do they think it more honest or more in accordance with the time-honored principles of the Democratic party to vote for a ticket made up in part of Republicans, Kearneyites, and the ring ends of all parties, than to vote for a pure, unadulterated Democratic ticket? Let the honest men of this new party pause and reflect before they thus throw away their votes, and imperil not only the new Constitution, but the success of the party that has always been a true Constitutional party, whether in State or National affairs—always opposed to monopolies, in fact, and not in name only.

And let us here put on record a prediction—that within two years from this time there will not be a member of that new party, unless it be now and then a desperate character, who will be willing to own that he bolted the Democratic party or belonged to the N. C. party.

A TRUE PORTRAIT OF THE DEMAGOGUE AGITATOR.

The S. F. *Examiner* gives briefly, a true portrait of a low demagogue, when it says.

Denis Kearney is a Radical demagogue and traitor, in the disguise of a workingman. He learned to operate in past years as a "piece-club striker," for dollars, and now he is betraying the laboring classes and using them to the profit of the Radicals, and to fill his own pockets with thousands of dollars during the campaign. He did not dare to counsel the Workingmen to put the Radical candidates on their ticket, for that would have at once revealed his treason: nor were any of the Radical candidates in favor of the new Constitution. But by putting in the field Wm. F. White, for Governor, he hopes to secure the election of Perkins, the Radical steamship monopolist.

And we add, is it not surprising and mortifying that so many honest workingmen should listen to the senseless slang of this heartless agitator? All that he says in behalf of the workingmen, that is sensible and sound, is but a distorted repetition of what has often been more sensibly and forcibly uttered by honester and abler advocates of the true workingmen's interest; and where is the pride and manly character of the true American workingman, that he should suffer himself to be led by the nose by this unlettered, shameless, alien demagogue, who knows no more the true spirit of American liberty, or of the true genius of our American institutions, than an Asiatic Thug.

A correspondent of the S. F. *Chronicle*, the first paper that is responsible for lifting Kearney out of the slum of obscurity, speaks thus of his late reception at Suisun.

The W. P. C. Committee of this place displayed considerable shrewdness in selecting a hall instead of having Kearney speak in the open air. Had he spoken outside his small audience would have hardly been noticed. As it was, Union Hall, which is generally crowded upon the occasion of any political gathering, was hardly two-thirds full, and most of this audience was clearly composed of curiosity-seekers. Kearney made his stock-speech, but was very careful not to designate by name any of the ring thieves of Solano, whom he freely denounced. His Santa Ana experience has taught him that generalities are safest. His speech, which lasted about three quarters of an hour, was received without enthusiasm, and at the close, when he called for a show of hands for those in favor of the W. P. C. State ticket, there were no more than thirty hands up, and none of these belonged to the respectable part of the community.

OF course it galls our Radical neighbor to have Glenn run on two tickets, because he is thereby sure to beat Perkins in the political fight now going on. We don't wonder it feels exceedingly bad. One or the other must win, and our neighbor is so fond of being upon the popular side that it ought to have taken the N. C. shute. Then it would have been sure of Governor anyhow; but by going for Perkins and his Pinafore crew, the show is poor for its having anything to crow over.

"THE Chinese must go," exclaims the parrot Kearney; but they don't go worth a cent; they continue to *come* to the tune of 1,000 aboard every steamer; besides, sailing vessels are bringing hordes of them. And it is said passage at Hong Kong is engaged ahead for 20,000. So much for a demagogue that is "all *talk* and *no cider*."

THE Republican whoop-up, relative to the alleged defection of August Comte, a prominent Democrat, who made a speech in favor of Perkins last week, is easily explained Geo. F. Perkins is President and August Comte a Director of the Franco-American Bank of San Francisco. "Birds of a feather flock together."

THE ONLY COURSE.

We believe it was expected by many of the Democrats of this portion of the State that the Democratic State Central Committee, which met in San Francisco on the 19th instant, would decide that in consequence of Dr. Glenn, who was placed upon the Democratic State ticket as a candidate for Governor, having since then pledged himself to vote for the ticket of the New Constitution party, he would be requested to resign that nomination, or be formally dropped from our ticket and another candidate placed thereon. But it seems that by a vote of 24 to 6, the Committee agreed to retain the name of Dr. Glenn. One pretext for this was that it was doubted if the Committee had the authority to make a vacancy and then fill it; and another reason given is that as Dr. Glenn has accepted our nomination as a Democrat, and with a promise to carry out the wishes of the Democratic party when he shall be elected, why it will be best to trust him to do it.

The Committee seem to have reasoned thus, among themselves: Dr. Glen says he is a Democrat, was always a Democrat and intends to live and die a Democrat. Supposing he does vote against us, it will only be one vote, and for that one vote we may get hundreds of Glenn voters for our ticket.

There is a good deal of dissatisfaction among the people, and it is not lessened by the circumstance that G. Cooley Gorham has desperately thrown himself into the H. B. party. What has brought this marplot, this corrupt intriguer, into the support of Glenn? Everyone who knows him, understands it is only for mischief, mischief. The idea of Gorham supporting a Democrat for Governor! Verily politics do make strange bedfellows!

All that Democrats can do now, however, is to stand by the action of the Convention and of the State Committee.

A MATTER OF RECORD.

D. M. Burns, who is at the present time County Clerk of Yolo and candidate for Secretary of State on the Republican ticket, is having his past history raked up by his opponents. There are other Republicans in this county who will have to undergo the same ordeal before the time for voting arrives. As a starter, the *Chronicle* on Thursday contained the following:

A MODEL CANDIDATE.

To the Editor of the Chronicle—SIR: I would like to ask the people of Yolo county and the State at large if they are ready to give their votes to a man like D. M. Burns, the Republican candidate for Secretary of State, who was the principal, with three other men of Woodland, in that thieving lottery scheme got up for the purpose of building a schoolhouse and to build a hall for the Odd Fellows. No school-house or hall was ever built, and nobody ever was known to draw a single prize, but Burns and his partners did build shortly after. I hope the people will inquire into this man's character before election day.

A NEW CONSTITUTION REPUBLICAN.

Davisville (Yolo County), July 19.

We wish to correct the above in one particular: There was one prize drawn, by Jo. Keifer, then and now Wells, Fargo & Co's messenger and U. S. mail carrier, calling for eighteen dollars, but which only realized half its face, ($9,) because, as the managers said, the tickets were only half sold.

REASONS FOR NOT GOING THE BOLTERS' TICKET.

Our weekly young Democratic cotemporary, whose editor voted with the H. B's. for the New Constitution, after relating how eagerly he had been importuned to come out in his paper in favor of that party, which he promptly declined doing, very naively adds: "After the present fight was over we suppose we could sneak back into the old party, like the rest of them will do, and after getting back kick up such a row and yell so loud that no one would ever suspicion that we had belonged to the short-lived party of reform. The wear and tear of conscience for telling big lies against the Democrats, and bigger ones in favor of the H. B's., we have not counted in, but we have figured enough on it to show, to our own mind, at least, that it would have been a losing game." We doubt not all the Democrats in the H. B. party will find it a "losing game," and that they will all find themselves pretty much in the ludicrous fix thus described by their old associate.

WHAT DOES HE MEAN?

Bruce went for the Old Constitution, and the ladies never admire any man that will not adopt a new thing when it's all the fashion. J. K's head is level, however, as he went for the new.—*Mail.*

Why don't some one who feels an interest in the success of the Republican party go straightway to that editor and persuade him to hush, before he does the Republican party irreparable injury? How did your nominee for Superior Judge stand? Was his head level? Was the *Mail's* when it opposed the new instrument? Is it really a fact that the H B's have bribed the *Mail* man to defeat the Republican ticket? Give us a little air, please? or we shall suffocate!

WE have received for distribution from the office of the State Agricultural Society, free to those who call for them, several pamphlet copies of the premium list for the next State Fair, to be held September 8th to 13th. The Society will distribute over $20,000 in premiums. Notice is given that all articles and animals for exhibition will be transported by the Railroad Company free of charge if returned by the same owner. Excursion tickets will be issued at about half-fare rates. The officers are: H. M. Larue, Sacramento, President; I. N. Hoag, Sacramento, Secretary; to whom our thanks are due for a complimentary ticket.

Now that the New Constitution has been adopted, and the popular side is proven to be that of those who voted in its favor, (all cheerfully acquiescing in the decision of the majority,) the *Mail* attempts to slur those who voted against it, according to their honest convictions. The whiffet who did not do so, if his judgment approved that course, is not worthy the name of an American citizen. We defy anyone to say they could judge, from anything it has contained, how the editor of that paper voted; but he is loud enough now in trying to have it understood that he voted *for* the instrument.

Drops from Bartlett Springs.

No. 50 WOODLAND AVENUE July 30, 1879.

The morning of June 30th found me stirring at 6 o'clock, and after my preliminary draught at the spring, quite ready for breakfast, my appetite, which had mysteriously vanished after my supper of the evening previous having returned in full force, as though my nine hours' sleep under two pairs of double blankets had acted as a recruiting sergeant to a hungry regiment which was charging in full force with horse, foot and artillery. Half-an hour of active engagement with my support of steaks, chops, ham, eggs, rolls, hot cakes, elegant golden butter and excellent coffee brought the enemy to a parley, and we came to a treaty of peace, comfortably seated on the front porch of the hotel, enveloped in a smoky, aromatic wreath of "old Judge," and looking down the canyon towards the south gave way to indolent composure, comfort and observation. My first impression of the general view was as of a permanent frontier encampment with accommodation for two or three regiments, the quarters for the privates being cabins about 20 by 15 feet in dimensions, modeled after the most primitive style of architecture, built entirely of shakes, with their trap door windows and stove-pipe through the roof, while the spacious hotel with its upper and lower verandas secured the commanding officers headquarters, while the more substantial board-built cottages flanking it on either hand, seem the quarters of the regimental and company officers, while standing at the extreme south end of Woodland Avenue, and facing the picture, is a commodious schoolhouse which one can well imagine the guard house. The settlement proper is located on a broad shelf about one-third way up the side of the eastern mountain boundary, with the creek running southward some 50 or 60 feet below, while to the westward we are hemmed in by a much higher range of hills sparsely covered with mountain pines, dwarf cedars and an almost impenetrable growth of underbrush. About 300 yards south and west from the hotel is the main or Bartlett Spring—for we have several others in our vicinity—the water flowing from the hill side into a handsome circular stone tank, which discharges three streams through open mouthed gorgons, falling, bubbling, dancing and laughing into stone basins, from whence (what we do not consume) is conducted in iron pipes—one to the hotel where it runs a constant stream, the other some fifty yards to a platform, where it is bottled, corked and sealed for transportation to ye dwellers of ye plain, on a little hill-top. Just south from the fountain is the croquet ground nicely leveled, seated and roofed with brush as a protection from mid-day sunshine; on the north of the fountain and touching its boundary is a rustic arbor with its not too comfortable seats and tables—which locality is by usage and common consent the sacred club room of the sterner sex, where we freely indulge in cribbage, pedro, seven-up, casino, drafts and such like athletic exercise—the stakes being a certain number of dippers of Bartlett water to be drunk by the loser, which, if viewed as a medicine, makes the victim a winner, as he gets the dose free of cost, which I consider much more sensible than playing for whiskey at fifteen cents per drink, which you occasionally see down in your more fashionable city resorts. Soda Spring, Gas Spring, Sweet Water, Gas Tunnel, Soap Creek and Sulphur Spring, all within a radius of two and a-half miles, I leave for future drops, when my powers of locomotion enable me to visit them, as I prefer to describe from personal inspection rather than from hearsay. I had almost forgotten our bath house, which is too important an institution to be overlooked. Situated about the middle of the settlement, it is of easy access to all, and with its clean, well ordered rooms, plentiful supply of hot or cold soda water, precluding the necessity of soap steam bath, an unlimited supply of towels, and a most gentlemanly and attentive manager in charge, it is all in that line that can be desired. With a stove combing post office and telegraph, one saloon, which by the way I think must have a government subsidy from which to pay its license, as I have yet to see the first glass of whisky sold over the bar, and yet all are as heartily welcomed by its gentlemanly proprietor to a seat in its shady portico or a read of the daily papers, as though we were as frequent imbibers of Cognac Exudeole or Tangle Foot, at a bit a go, as we are of the more wholesome and less expensive Bartlett, a well stocked butcher shop, a barber's sanctum, the blacksmith, just down by the creek, and the stage stable with accommodations for one hundred horses, make up our main buildings of note. The prittiest time to view our watering place panorama is from sunrise to 10 o'clock A.M., and from the evening meal till full dark. At the early hour the gentlemen are seen in ones, twos and threes, all entering at the fountain for their one, two, three or six pint dippers of Bartlett; a half hour pedestrian spin and then that welcome sound the breakfast bell. After breakfast, which is over by 8, the ladies, favoring us with their presence, going first to the fountain, and thence to the croquet ground, soda spring, gas spring, or the tunnel, each with her little tin pail with which to take home her choice of water for her morning draughts, clad in most appropriate, yet simple costumes, with their gossamer veils thrown over their heads, or wide chip hats, with their smiling faces, and a kind greeting to all, I can only liken them to Shakespear's Parditas, perfectly contented with their lot and thankful for the glorious gifts of nature. At 10 A.M. the games are in full force at the club and we find amusement in the following: Fifteen; two, fifteen four and a pair is six; another swing and you'll catch his pedro; build that to ten 'un save the big casino; two kings and a man, you're cornered; and John is victorious and with a light tap on the back of the seat from his darling would stick, and a remark that "yes; can't play for sour apples," John goes for his Bartlett accompanied by all who are not interested in the games aforesaid. The afternoon is much a repetition of the morning. In the evening, if not dancing, the time is spent at the hotel in pleasant conversation, with occasional vocals from the ladies, while most of the dwellers in cabins are in bed by 8, and at 10 all are in the arms of Morpheus, and silence reigns, broken only by the croaking of the bull frog in the creek, the too! hoo! of the owl, or the laughing of the ceaseless fountain. In my next drops I will give my opinion as to the merits of the water medicinally, till when I am still

V. H. JEEMES.

Statement of the Condition of the Bank of Woodland up to July 21, 1879:

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	$308,461 19
County Warrants	4,082 06
Real Estate (Yolo County)	24,116 29
Furniture and Fixtures	948 00
Taxes, Costs, etc., advanced in pending litigation	202 98
Expenses	870 27
Tax and License Account	70 75
Due from Banks	40,589 63
Cash and Remittances	59,344 27
	$439,291 94

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	$250,000 00
Surplus Fund	13,500 00
Individual Deposits	174,130 16
Interest	1,457 25
Rents	251 50
Profit and Loss	3 03
	$439,291 94

F. S. FREEMAN, Vice President, and C. W. BUSH, Cashier of the Bank of Woodland, having been duly sworn, each for himself says that the above statement is true to the best of his knowledge and belief.

(Signed) F. S. FREEMAN, Vice-President.
C. W. BUSH, Cashier.

Sworn and subscribed to before me this 23rd day of July, A. D. 1879.

J. C. BALL, Notary Public

The Yolo Democrat.

WOODLAND, YOLO CO., CAL.,

THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1879.

Make Childhood Sweet.

Wait not till the little hands are at rest
  Ere you fill them full of flowers;
Wait not for the crowning tuberose
  To make sweet the last sad hours;
But while in the busy household band,
Your darlings still need your guiding hand,
  Oh, fill their lives with sweetness.

Wait not till the little hearts are still,
  For the loving look and phrase;
But while you gently chide a fault
  The good deed kindly praise.
The word you would speak beside the bier
Falls sweeter far on the living ear;
  Oh, fill young lives with sweetness!

Ah! what are kisses on clay cold lips
  To the rosy mouth we press,
When our wee one flies to her mother's arms,
  For love's tenderest caress!
Let never a worldly bauble keep
Your heart from the joy each day should reap,
  Circling young lives with sweetness.

Give thanks each morn for the sturdy boys,
  Give thanks for the fairy girls;
With a dower of wealth like this at home,
  Would you ride the earth for pearls?
Wait not for death to gem love's crown,
But daily shower life's blessings down,
  And fill young hearts with sweetness.

Remember the homes where the light has fled
  Where the rose has faded away;
And the love that glows in youthful hearts,
  Oh, cherish it while you may!
And make your home a garden of flowers,
Where joy shall bloom through childhood's hours,
  And fill young lives with sweetness.

An Evil Eye.

It was asserted that Dan Vernon was the boldest and most cruel bushwhacker in Virginia during the war. When Sheridan entered the Shenandoah valley, some of our foragers ransacked the house occupied by Mrs. Vernon, others stole all the poultry and live stock, and when the third set came there was a tragedy. Dan was in the confederate ranks up the valley, and his wife and children were left in a bad situation.

They had no food in the house when the hungry foragers demanded a meal, and not a living thing had been left on the farm. The woman, despairing and desperate, made a fierce personal attack on the men who had entered her house, and in the struggle a gun was discharged, and the heavy ounce ball killed two of her children as they clung to her skirts. The foragers were no better than thieves in this instance, and had the official attempt to discover their identity been successful they would have received punishment.

The woman left the murdered children on the floor, and fled with the others up the valley, and her footsteps had scarcely grown cold when the avenger of her great wrongs appeared and demanded blood for blood—and more. Dan Vernon was permitted to leave the ranks to become a destroying angel. The children were buried under a cherry tree in the yard by our men, but no hand wiped up the dark and terrible blood stains on the farm house floor. The husband and father, panting for vengeance, crept into the deserted house three nights after the burial and dipping his fingers into the undried blood he swore to rest not, but to kill and destroy as long as life was left in him.

I do not know what Dan Vernon did when he left his home to become a confederate soldier, but I do know that when he returned to it as an avenger he had no more mercy in him than a tiger. We heard from him at once. A scouting party riding up the valley lost its captain and two men by successive shots from a Henry rifle, and the man who fired them escaped through the woods. That night a vidette was struck from his horse and his throat cut. Next day a teamster was killed. In one week's time Dan Vernon had killed thirteen men. He left no wounded behind him. When he fired, it was with a dead aim, and the victim went down with scarcely a cry from his lips.

A refugee who came in, gave us such details of Dan as we did not know, and when it was known that he was bushwhacking, our advance scouts were detailed to hunt him down. They pursued him in vain. Knowing every acre of ground in the valley, he not only eluded pursuit, but many of the men pursuing him never came back to us. If their bodies were found, a bullet-hole was proof that Dan Vernon had added another victim to his list. In four weeks he had scored thirty-four victims, and foraging and scouting parties dreaded that one man more than a whole regiment of Early's army. He would murder a picket at one point during the night, and the next day bushwhack a troop ten miles away, and he moved with the stealth of a tiger. No man ever gave an alarm after knowing of his presence.

Well, what I set out to tell was how we captured Dan one fine day, and how singularly he escaped. Parties were continually hunting him without success, while one party one day found him without searching. About fifty of us were thrown forward one day from the picket post to a new position just deserted by the enemy. Included in this territory was a log house, supposed to be deserted, but when we came to investigate we discovered a "butternut" curled up and asleep on a rude bed in the corner. He had gone to sleep within the confederate lines, and when he awoke the blue-coats were about and beyond him.

Who the prisoner was no one seemed to care, but it was the accepted opinion that he was no more than a private soldier, and I was detailed to guard him until he could be sent back to headquarters. The man betrayed no alarm when roused from sleep. As far as we could see he was unarmed, and when the boys joked him on his capture he coolly replied:

"Well, it ain't nuthing to weep over. I was getting purty tired of this thing anyhow."

I had a fair look at the man's face, and I found something there to puzzle me. One day I had picked up in camp the daguerreotype of a man dressed in citizen's clothes. It seemed to be that of a farmer, but the face was one to be remembered. As I sat in the open door of the old house, carbine across my knees, and looked into the face of our prisoner, it came to me all at once that it was his face I had seen in the picture. There was a great change in some particulars, and yet I confidently inquired:

"Did you have your picture taken by ——, of Lynchburg."

"Yes," he replied.

"Was the case of red morocco?"

"It was."

Then the picture I had found in camp must have been stolen from his house by foragers and afterwards thrown away. The man looked at me as if ready to answer further questions, but I had none to put just then. I was wondering at the curious coincidence, when he sat up on his bed and looked me square in the eye, and said:

"I am Dan Vernon, the buskwhacker. I killed one of your men last night before turning in here!"

"Dan Vernon!" I repeated after him.

"Yes. It is a good joke on your comrades, who took me for a scrub soldier!"

I was so taken by surprise that I could not utter a word. He was as cool as ice, however, and he continued:

"It would give Sheridan great joy to string me up or see me shot, but my time isn't come yet. I shall be going pretty soon!"

Now, that was pretty cool talk, considering that I was there to guard him and had my carbine ready for a shot, with fifty comrades within hail, but he went on:

"I have my rifle under the straw, and could have shot long ago. I didn't want to, however; I feel good-natured this morning, and you need fear no harm."

"One cry from me will alarm the whole post," I managed to remark.

"Pooh! Let's hear you yell at once!"

Our eyes met. There was nothing malicious in his, but they put a strange spell on me. His voice, too, had a strange, tender influence, and when he asked me to toss my canteen of water and haversack of food I obeyed without the least hesitation. He drank from the canteen, and as he chewed away at the food he remarked:

"Blaze away, but I tell you, you can't hit me."

We looked at each other for half a minute, and I felt my carbine slipping from my grasp to the ground outside. My fingers had no strength to hold it. Dan laughed and said:

"Why don't you shoot?"

"You shall never leave this place alive!" I said in answer, but I hardly recognized my own voice.

"Pooh!" he carelessly replied, "I am ready to leave now! I shall go out of this door here, and you will sit right here where you are!"

I was looking full at him, and to save my life I couldn't move hand or foot. Each limb felt as numb as if asleep.

"Well, old boy, good-by to you," said Dan, as he picked up his rifle from the straw, and in another minute he was out of sight. I was sitting there, mouth open and eyes fixed on vacancy, when a comrade came down from the picket post, shook me by the shoulder, and cried:

"A nice man you are; asleep and your prisoner gone."

Was I asleep? No! Was it a dream? No! But the prisoner was gone. There was talk of a court-martial in my case, but it never occurred, as my prisoner was supposed to be only some "Johnny Reb." Had it been known that my man was the famous bushwhacker I should have been taken out and shot for permitting him to escape. I permitted him, and yet I didn't. I was as helpless as if without power or muscle. That night when he crept in upon a picket and stabbed him to the heart, I wondered if the poor victim first saw those wild magnetic eyes glaring into his to deprive him of his power.

A Lawsuit Extraordinary.

While Mr. Seward was a member of the New York bar in active practice in 1848, the postmaster of Syracuse refused to deliver a newspaper to a Miss Felton, to whom it was addressed, without the payment of a letter postage, the sender having placed upon it the initial letter of his name. Miss Felton thereupon sued the postmaster for the value of the paper, and the case was tried before a justice of the peace, who held postal instructions illegal, and consequently gave six cents damages and costs of two dollars and eighty nine cents for the plaintiff. The case was carried by the postmaster to the Court of Common Pleas, which affirmed the judgment, with additional costs of twenty-two dollars and ninety-five cents. From there it was carried to the Supreme Court of the State, which added thirty-seven dollars and sixty-five cents to the judgment before rendered, and the postmaster then appealed the case to the Court of Appeals, where the judgment was affirmed, and the additional sum of seventy five dollars and sixty-four cents, making one hundred, thirty-six dollars and nineteen cents in all. Not satisfied with this measure of justice in the State courts, the postmaster went with the case to the Supreme Courts of the United States, where it was elaborately argued by Mr. Seward, and decided by a very labored opinion of the court, affirming the finding of the other courts, and rendering judgment accordingly, but with what costs the record does not show. The case as decided by the Court of Appeals in New York is reported in first Comstock, 537, and as decided by the Supreme Court of the United States, in the twelfth Howard, 284, in which volume it occupies nine pages.

A Family of Sufferers.—In all times there are many culpably poor, but at present the number whom *misfortune* has made poor is remarkably large. Sad scenes like these are not uncommon now that the coarser kinds of labor are less liberally paid for:

The attention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in New York was recently called to the case of three little sisters, aged respectively seven, four and two and a half years, who were found to be utterly destitute and starving. They had begged a piece of mouldy bread, which, divided among them, made their supper on the preceding night, and on the following day, when discovered, they had not tasted food. Singularly enough their parents are not drunkards.

Their father, a hod-carrier, has been unable to obtain work, and their mother is sober, but out of health. This family has for weeks been living by begging, and lying out at nights in lumberyards when the weather was not so warm, and on hot nights on the grass wherever a convenient spot could be found. The poor little ones presented a pitiable sight, and when a meal was placed before them, ate ravenously.

The Emperor Francis Joseph.

One day, a few weeks ago, the gay and brilliant city of Vienna was alive with merry sounds and picturesque sights. The houses were bravely decorated with flags and festoons; the streets swarmed with multitudes in holiday attire; processions of quaint costumes passed through the thoroughfares; and imposing ceremonies took place in the ancient churches of the Austrian capital.

The occasion of all this display and festivity was the silver wedding of the Emperor Francis Joseph, who married the beautiful Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria just a quarter of a century ago. Nothing could have more strikingly shown the love and respect in which the Austrians hold their sovereigns than the heartiness with which they entered into this celebration, and the roar of plaudits which resounded through the old city when the Emperor and Empress appeared in the midst of their subjects.

Since the time when, being a shy lad of eighteen, Francis Joseph succeeded to the Austrian crown, in place of his uncle Ferdinand, who had abdicated, the career both of himself and of his mixed and uneasy empire has been a checkered one. Ruling over a State in which there are six or seven different races, varying in habits, and jealous of each other; and being forced, during many of the earlier years of his reign, with the growing might of Prussia, Francis Joseph has yet borne himself so well that he has retained from beginning to end, the high opinion of the world, and the affection of his own subjects.

There is no European ruler more wise, more upright, more pure in life and morals, or more faithful to the great duties which rest upon him, than the Austrian Emperor.

When he came to the throne, it was as a despot, armed with absolute power. In the course of years, however, and by reason of military misfortunes, he has found himself compelled to give up despotic authority, and to accept the position of a constitutional monarch, governed by the will of the people. He has been too wise to resist this great change, and has frankly and loyally welcomed it. No man is less a tyrant by nature than Francis Joseph. Like Victor Emanuel, of Italy, too, he has known how to choose able and patriotic counsellors—men who would be faithful, not only to him, but to his subjects. In Von Beust and Andressy, he found statesmen able and ready to organize the Austrian Empire on the new broad and liberal basis.

Francis Joseph, though forty-nine years of age, does not look more than thirty-five. A life of activity, temperance, and moderation, has well preserved him. He is tall and rather slight, with light hair closely cropped on his head, heavy bushy side-whiskers and sweeping mustache of tawny hue, large pleasant, genial gray eyes, and a round, healthy, fresh-colored face. His bearing is quiet, dignified and princely; he is a modest man, not fond of display, but wedded to the serene delights of family and domestic life.

In character, the Emperor, in a period where many sovereigns are stained with vices and weaknesses, is quite above reproach. No scandals about him ever find their way to the public ear. He is a chivalrous and devoted husband, a tender and watchful father.

There is not, probably, a harder worker in his dominions. He rises at five in the morning, and devotes the earlier part of the day to the affairs of his realm. These he never neglects.

The Austrian Emperor is an enthusiastic student, and probably has more culture than any living sovereign. He is a master of the Greek, Latin, French, Spanish and English languages, as well as all the tongues spoken by his subjects, and is, moreover, a good musician and a skillful draughtsman. His favorite pastime is that of hunting. He follows the hounds on a hunt as ardently as did Victor Emanuel himself; and is noted for the hardy courage with which he pursues dangerous game through the difficult defiles of the Tyrol.

In these qualities we may find the reasons why Francis Joseph is so much loved and honored by his people; even by the Hungarians, who, not long after he came to the throne, rose in revolt against him and tried to shake off his authority. Now he has no more loyal or more devoted subjects than the countrymen of Kossuth.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Man Who Never Heard of Grant.

Talking with an old gentleman from a rural district the other day, we casually remarked upon third terms, and asked his opinion as to Grant's chances. "Grant!" said he, inquiringly, "who's Grant?" "Why," we replied, "Ulysses Grant, General Grant, President Grant, you know." The look of interest passed away from his features, and his voice returned to its wonted tones as he said, "No, I guess I never heard of him." "What!" was our amazed rejoinder, "never heard of General Grant, the hero of the great Rebellion, where so many precious lives and such a vast expenditure of money was offered as a sacri"— As we proceeded a show of intelligence had lighted up the face of our interlocutor, until he suddenly broke out, "Look here, you! I remember that there *was* some talk of a row 'long in '60 or '61. Tell us how it come out. Did they really get to fighting right down in earnest?" You can imagine how refreshing this was after months' reading of Congressional speeches replete with reminiscences of the late unpleasantness. In the overpowering joy of the moment we hid our face in our hands, while the fountains of emotion burst their barriers, and we found relief in tears. Yes, we wept, and we care not who knows it.—*Boston Transcript.*

A new association has been formed at Oxford for the purpose of promoting the higher education of women, and to afford instruction to those over 17 years of age who desire to carry on their education into the higher branches. With this means at hand, it will not be surprising if they outstrip their Oxford brothers in everything except boating—and they may excel in that.

When nature would make anything specially rare and beautiful, she always makes it little; little pearls, little diamonds, little dews. Little fortunes bring the most content, and little hopes the least disappointment, and little songs are the dearest loved.

No Housekeeper.

"Mrs. Jones is a right nice woman, good-hearted and all that, but I am sorry to say she is no housekeeper."

"Don't know how to cook, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, she knows how to cook—I never sat down to better bread, and cake, and coffee, and relishes, than I've seen on her table; and she does her own work, too."

"What is the trouble, then?"

"Why, she isn't neat—don't keep things in order, as a woman should."

"Don't comb ker hair, or sweep her room, or dust her things?"

"Her hair always looks well enough, and I believe she sweeps and dusts every morning, but then she lets the children have their own way too much."

"Does she? I was not aware——"

"I mean," said Mrs. Smith, "they have their rag-babies, and dolls, and blocks, and other playthings over the floor, and they keep house in the corners of the room, and I don't know what all; now I should soon go distracted with all that nonsense."

"So you don't allow your children such privileges, do you?"

"I rather think not; they have to do better than that when I'm about. What's the use of having a house in such confusion, and everything all at sixes-and-sevens?"

"Well, now, Mrs. Smith, I want to know how you manage your little ones. Come, tell me your rules."

"I don't know as I have any particular rules—only they shall not make a noise around me, nor litter up the floor with their gimcracks."

"You let them have their playthings, don't you?"

"No, indeed; I locked them up long ago to keep them from being broken. I tell you there's no use in humoring young ones so much. I must keep things tidy about my house, and the dear knows I have a time of it anyhow, with Mr. Smith not cleaning his feet on the mat, and the children almost always quarreling about something or other."

"Do you think Mrs. Jones has as hard a time as you have?"

"No, I don't believe she worries about anything. Seems to me she don't care how things go."

"Yes, she cares a great deal, and knows exactly how to make her children happy at home, and her husband is always welcomed with a smile, mat or no mat. When her children come to see me they are neither noisy nor quarrelsome, but gentle, playful, healthy and happy."

"And my children?"

"Well, they are somewhat different. You see they are kept so tightly at home that they are rather boisterous in other houses."

"Why don't you send them home, then?"

"Because they will not go; they declare that ma is cross, and won't let them play, and they don't like home a bit."

"Do my children thus speak of their mother?" said Mrs. Smith, as she rose and drew her shawl around her veil to hide the coming tear.

"They do it often, my dear friend; but take courage—there is yet time to draw their hearts to you. Have patience with them; give them their toys, and let them enjoy themselves in their own home. Your house is always so painfully neat and quiet that I almost hate to go there."

"You shall hate no more on that account," said Mrs. Smith, as she wrung her friend's hand. "I own up that Mrs. Jones is the better housekeeper."
—*Golden Era.*

The Mexican Question.

This constantly recurring conundrum with a fresh face, is once more thrusting itself before the world as if it expected a solution. A presidential election is to be held there, next year. It is not altogether insignificant that even with the overshadowing fact of a similar election in the United States, the Mexican succession is attracting the attention of many of the great powers. The very unimportance of that unhappy country is giving importance to every movement of its ignorant and excitable people. They are by nature revolutionary. They have neither capacity nor disposition to govern themselves quietly. With intellect weakened by bad inheritances, and clouded with superstitions, with no actual appreciation of public or personal honor, they are always ripe for any scheme that commends itself to their passion or their rapacity. A people so ignorant and so coarse can be controlled only by force. A republic can never be a success with them. The history of Mexico proves that her most prosperous days have been those of despotic government. The tyrrany of the Montezumas made her the gem of the western continent. The mantle of freedom that has since fallen on her has been a bloody one. The mixture of Spaniard, African, and Indian, which makes the Mexican of to-day, is incapable of self-government. Never until the Anglo-Saxon becomes the ruling element from California to the gulf, will Mexico be free or prosperous.

It may be that Diaz, who is, probably, the best executive officer that Mexico has had since Santa Ana, will still occupy the presidency. If he does, the republic will live in fretful quiet, a few years longer. If not, the old story of revolution and monarchy will be repeated. The class are already ripe for revolt. Negrete has been easily overcome, but Naranjo, Trevino and Canales are stirring up the northern States along the Rio Grande to more serious insurrection, and the lawless and disaffected in all parts of the republic are improving the opportunity to put their wants forward in formidable shape. Diaz is, probably, the only man in the republic who can curb this turbulent people, and preserve the government. He has brought comparative order and peace out of disorder and chaos. But even he cannot make a Mexican republic a success. The controlling influence of a more ambitious and less indolent race must be felt before a free government can exist in that unfortunate land.
—*Hawk-Eye.*

Elephants Bathing.—Seven great Asiatic elephants belonging to the London circus were taken down to the river, in Baltimore, for a bath the other day. In they plunged with all the zest of school-boys, and such a scene of gamboling was surely never seen in Jones' Falls. The water was about six feet deep, but they went under and rolled over, and came up and spouted great streams through their trunks in the air, and, with malice aforethought, overturned each other, and even actually "ducked" one another, one placing his fore feet upon the other's head and forcing it under the water again and again.—*Baltimore Bulletin.*

Running for Office.

The approach of the State and municipal election is bringing to the surface the usual crew of aspirants for official honor, and many new candidates. It is useless to warn the old stagers, but the new ones may flee from the wrath to come on reading the experience of one Boggs, who ran for office:

Boggs was as peaceable a man as ever lived.

He was sober, honest and respected.

He had never beaten his wife.

Never taken any interest in a dog fight.

Had never been known to pawn somebody else's watch.

And never had attempted to steal a sawmill.

Boggs' character was above reproach.

He was a shining light in society.

All Boggsville looked up to and honored him.

But a change came, a fearful, direful change.

In an evil hour Boggs accepted the nomination for Constable of his native village.

Alas! Poor Boggs!

Little did he understand the deceit and treachery of the wicked world.

His eyes were soon opened, however.

In less than a week after he was nominated, the opposition had fully established the following damaging charges against his character:

1. That he was a free-lover and an infidel.

2. That he had fed his neighbors' hens on poisoned corn.

3. That he had broken his mother-in-laws's jaw with an iron bootjack.

4. That he onone occasion gave a whole wagon load of green watermelons to an orphan asylum.

5. That he had served a term in the State Prison for horse stealing.

6. That he had set fire to his next neighbor's barn, merely because he refused to lend him a hoe.

7. That because he found a button off his shirt he tied his wife to the bedpost and mashed in three of her ribs with a stove poker.

8. That his chief Sunday amusements were cock-fighting and playing cards.

9. That he sold his vote every year regularly to the highest bidder.

10. That he wasn't fit for the place anyhow.

These charges, although without the slightest foundation, were religiously believed by the majority of the voters of Boggsville.

And Boggs' political goose was cooked.

His chances for being elected were not worth three cents on a dollar.

When Boggs passed along the street his neighbors looked at him with suspicion and crossed over on the other side.

Boggs was a miserable being.

The day of the town meeting came at last, and Boggs' opponent scooped in the Constableship by a two-thirds vote.

The anti-Boggs party swept their candidate into office on the tidal-wave of popularity, and poor Boggs was left perched high up on the spike-mounted picket fence of despair.

Boggs will never run for office again, not even for President.

He says it is too great a strain on the character.

If he can regain the esteem of his neighbors by grubbing along in the old way, he intends to do it, and leave office-seeking to people of cast-irog reputation.—*Golden Era.*

Saved by Oil.

A New York paper says: Pouring oil on troubled waters generally is regarded by sea captains more as a fine sentiment than as a practical hint to be observed in time of danger, but as far back as 1770 a Dutch East Indian trader claimed to have been saved from shipwreck on a treacherous reef, by pouring on the sea a jar of olive oil. Later, another instance is recorded in which a vessel having been wrecked in a hurricane, a cask of lamp oil, which was kept in a small boat, became broken, and so quieted the sea in the immediate vicinity, that most of the crew succeeded in getting to an island near by.

Captain Jarman, of the four-masted ship Romsdal, now in this port, stated to a reporter, recently, that although he had long known of the wonderful effects of oil poured upon a rough sea, yet he never had put his knowledge into practice until his last voyage. The subject having been recalled to his mind lately by a little article in one of the seaman's tracts, he decided to test the recipe. He caused to be made two canvas sacks, shaped like a bottle, each having a capacity of about three gallons of oil. These he filled with common lamp oil. Soon after, in the middle of the Atlantic, he encountered a violent hurricane with terrible seas, which lasted about twenty hours. The waves broke over the stern and threatened to swamp the vessel. Remembering his oil, he punctured the canvas bags, and caused one to be towed over each quarter. The effect, he said, was magical. The waves, although remaining at the same hieght, no longer broke over the stern; but for several yards round, where the oil had spread upon the water, there was apparntely a calm. The ship was thus relieved from the tremendous shocks of heavy seas breaking over her, and the danger was considerably lessened. Captain Jarman thinks that the use of oil in the case of a ship hove to in a storm, would be a very good thing. He says that although this was the first time he had ever tried the expeirment, it was not novel by any means. He had known cases in which crews had escaped from vessels when it would have been impossible to lower a boat without its being swamped, except that oil was thrown over the ship's side and the sea thus sufficiently calmed to allow the boats to be lowered without danger. He had also seen whaling vessels lying quietly while near by them other vessels were violently tossed about. The whaling vessels were so thoroughly saturated with oil that the water remained calm all about them. He says that the method is so simple and so inexpensive that he intends to have oil bags always ready for use hereafter.

Be it enacted, that any citizen of Mississippi who makes oath that he carries a concealed weapon because he fears an attack upon his life, shall be furnished with a guard, armed with a musket, to protect said citizen, etc., and that any citizen found with a concealed weapon, who does not make oath that he fears an attack, and who is not entitled to carry one, shall be imprisoned in the county jail thirty days.—*Vicksburg Herald.*

An Indian Festival in Brazil.

The grand festival begins on Saturday evening. During the day parties have been coming in from all directions, bringing their *roupa de ver a Deus*—"clothes to see God in"—on their heads. Every house is crowded with guests, and many swing their hammocks to the trees; the old women busy themselves in preparing sweetmeats and mandioca beer; and the men build an arbor of boughs before the chapel. Everybody attends the final prayer-meeting, and devoutly salutes the saint; then the dancing begins in several houses at once and is continued with very little intermission until Tuesday or Wednesday, as the refreshments last. Many of the young people get only five or six hours of sleep during this time. The dancers are orderly, and for the most part sober; the old people sit around and watch them, and grow talkative, and enjoy themselves quietly; and while clerks from town move about with a pleasing sense of their own glory. On Sunday morning there is an interlude, during which the grand breakfast is served. An ox has been killed for the occasion, and the guests eat as much as they please, with their fingers for folks. Ceremonious toasts are proposed in bad Portuguese and drunk in bad wine; everybody says "*Viva!*" in acknowledment of everybody's sentiments, and there is a solemn aping of all that is ridiculous in the grand dinners of the *brancos*. With this the Indians feel that they have done their duty, and return to their sports with fresh unction. They dance rustic waltzes and quadrilles, not ungracefully, to the music of a violin and a little wire-stringed guitar. Then there is the favorite *lundu*, a kind of slow fandango, involving much snapping of fingers and shuffling of feet. The *saracura* dance is led off by a special musician, a merry old fellow, who marches about the room playing a tiny reed flute with the right hand and beating a drum with the left. One after another the couples fall in behind him, tripping along with their arms about each other very lovingly, and keeping time to his music with a little jingling song, which in English, would be something like this:

"I swung in my drowsy hammock
  And wooed the forest boughs;
But they answered low, 'There's pain and woe
  In the lover's foolish vows.'

"Little fish in the deep, dark pool,
  Fickle sand of the sea,
How can I ever love you alone,
  Since you will not alone love me?

"What if I drift away, away.
  Alone on the ocean swell;
What if I die with no one nigh
  Of the friends who love me well?

"Yet I have the sun for my love true,
  The moon for my lady bright,
The sun to walk with alone all day,
  The moon in the silent night."

—*Scribner's Monthly.*

Can "Wag His Left Ear."

About a dozen well-known members of the Rhode Island medical society met Friday at the office of Drs. Hutchinson and Browning, on Mathewson street, to witness a private exhibition of a remarkable nature by Charles A. Warren of New York. This man met with an accident in his youth that caused a dislocation of the hip, and what was quite remarkable, succeeded himself in reducing the dislocation. This power, it seems, led him to tests of muscular strength and exertion that finally developed him into a man of extraordinary power, which gave him perfect control of all the muscles of the body, individually and sectionally. But a few days ago he appeared before Dr. Bigelow, of Harvard college, and astonished the doctor by a wonderful display of muscular movements. The exhibition Friday was of a similar nature, and produced no less surprise among the medical savants who assembled to see him. He dislocated almost any part of his body at will, and then resumed his natural condition in the perfect embodiment of physical development. He first showed a dislocation of the hip joint of two and a half inches, and just as quickly brought it back to its normal condition. Displacement of the wrists and the shoulders, by which he succeeded in lengthening his arm an inch or more, were next shown, following them with a dislocation of the jaw in a downward and forward movement. The difference in the expansion of the chest from its natural state was seven inches. He showed a dislocation of the knee joint, and twisted his limbs about in almost every conceivable condition, actually bringing both feet close together, bottom to bottom. But perhaps the most singular performance of all was that done with his aural appendage. The expression, "Can you wag your left ear?" has often been heard, though "hardly ever" realized, but here was a man who gave an actual illustration of it in literal meaning. The doctors were amused as well as astonished. Altogether it was a most remarkable exhibition, given perfectly free from all deception, before men of acknowledged medical learning, who found their subject one of interesting study. Mr. Warren is in excellent health and is a man, as might naturally be inferred from the foregoing account, of remarkable physical power and endurance.—*Providence Journal.*

Cleopatra's Needle.—The famous Egyptian obelisk, "Cleopatra's Needle," which was recently set up on the banks of the Thames, and which, it was found, would rapidly become disorganized by the action of the peculiar London atmosphere, has been coated with a silicious wash which it is believed will successfully protect its surface for years. The effect of the process, it is said, has surpassed expectation, and is only to be compared to the restoration of an old painting. The obelisk now appears as if just chiseled from the rock, showing its original colors, the quartz and feldspar glittering in the sunlight. The intaglio also comes out more distinctly than before.

Bashfulness.—Girls, if you want to encourage young men, get an album. It is the first thing a bashful young man grabs for when he enters a strange house where there are girls. We have seen them look through one until they knew every picture by heart from page one to General Grant in the back part. It is wonderful what interest a bashful young man will take in a young girl's grandmother and pug-nosed uncle at the first visit, but it always occurs.

Every debtor has a way of his own.

Crime Among Children.

No habitual reader of the daily papers can have failed to notice the large number of crimes of violence reported as being committed by mere children upon their companions. These acts of violence are often surprisingly cruel, and show either a malice or an indifference to the suffering of others hard to account for in young children. Nor are they confined to the children of the lower classes. Boys belonging to respectable Christian families, whose home training ought to have been such as to fit them to be something better than youthful ruffians, are among the most conspicuous examples of this class of offenders. The crimes of which they are guilty range from mere carelessness in the infliction of bodily suffering to deliberate intent to injure. Thus the boy who the other day kicked another boy in the stomach so violently that he died in a short time, probably did not mean to do his comrade serious harm; he was simply indifferent to the consequences of his act. But the school children who recently pushed, kicked and pressed upon a puny lad on the schoolhouse stairway until he was so severely injured that he lived but a few days, evidently meant to inflict suffering, and took pleasure in doing it, though of course they did not intend actually to kill their hapless victim. These are but samples of what is constantly occurring.

The frequency of these acts of criminal violence among children is well calculated to awaken serious inquiry. What is the cause of them? What is the special defect in the training of these young people, that leaves them so utterly untrained, like little savages, in the important matters of kindness, goodwill and self-restraint in their intercourse one with another? The boy of nine or ten who deliberately picks up a stone and hurls it with all his might at the head of a little girl, as we knew one to do the other day, has clearly, whatever else he may have been taught, been sadly neglected in the matter of his moral culture.

And this leads us to ask: Does not the greater part of the responsibility for this sad state of things rest with the parents of these headstrong, cruelty-loving children? Were an inquisition to be made into the subject of home training, we fear it would be found that in most cases there had been no moral training at all in the homes of these juvenile offenders. Even in Christian homes, boys are too often left to simply *grow up*, so far as their moral education is concerned. They are not taught with tender solicitude the nobility of self-restraint, the beauty of kindness, the obligation to obey with conscientious care the great "law of love." They grow to boyhood and manhood regardless of these things, because they have never been taught them. Something must, of course, be put to the account of temperament, something, perhaps, to that of heredity. The surroundings of the boy will always exert a strong influence upon him. But it nevertheless remains true, that the neglect of moral training at home is one of the main causes of the juvenile violence of which we hear so much.

Senator Burnside not long ago proposed in the United States Senate that training in the virtues of kindness, gentleness and good-will should form part of the curriculum of the public schools in the District of Columbia. The provision was laughed at by grave Senators. But is not such training needed in our public schools? Sectarian religious instruction is plainly out of place there; but instruction in virtues that make men better citizens ought not to be out of place in the only schools that large numbers of our future citizens ever attend. And that very Book which many too conscientious people would exclude from our schools is the noblest text-book of morals that could be employed for this purpose.

In fine, we need both at home and at school a more careful moral training of our boys and girls—a training that shall impress upon them, along with the homely virtues of honesty, sobriety and purity, the sacredness of person and life. Such training, sincerely undertaken, would do much to restrain the tendency to crimes of violence in the growing generation.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

Fun In Court.

The court and jury, as well as the spectators, generally enjoy the scene when a lawyer, in an attempt to badger or browbeat a witness, comes off second best in the encounter. A correspondent recalls an amusing instance of this sort, which happened a few years ago in an Albany court-room.

The plaintiff, who was a lady, was called to testify. She got on very well, and made a favorable impression on the jury under the guidance of her counsel, Hon. Lyman Tremaine, until the opposing counsel, Hon. Henry Smith, subjected her to a sharp cross-examination. This so confused her that she became faint, and fell to the floor in a swoon.

Of course this excited general sympathy in the audience, and Mr. Smith saw that his case looked badly.

An expedient suggested itself by which to make the swooning appear like a piece of stage trickery, and thus destroy sympathy for her. The lady's face in swooning had turned purple-red, and this fact suggested the new line of attack. The next witness was a middle-aged lady. The counsel asked—

"Did you see the plaintiff faint a short time ago?"

"Yes, sir."

"People turn pale when they faint, don't they?"

A great sensation in court, and an evident confusion of witness. But in a moment she answered, "No, not always."

"Did you ever hear of a case of fainting where the party did not turn pale?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you ever see such a case?"

"Yes, sir."

"When?"

"About a year ago."

"Where was it?"

"In this city."

"Who was it?"

By this time the excitement was so intense that everybody listened anxiously for the reply. It came promptly, with a twinkle in the witness's eye, and a quaver on her lip, as if from suppressed humor.

"Twas a negro, sir."

Peal after peal of laughter shook the court-room, in which the venerable judge joined. Mr. Smith lost his case, not to say his temper.

SAN FRANCISCO ITEMS.

The average daily registration is about 550.

The *City of Peking* brought 370 more Chinese.

Three divorces were granted in one day last week.

There is in this city a Hindo, a dealer in India shawls.

Five women are walking at the Mechanics' Pavilion for a prize.

Twenty-three more lawyers have been admitted to practice in the Supreme Court.

Thirteen more Attorneys, upon examination, have been admitted to practice in the Supreme Court.

People are warned to be on their guard against counterfeit greenbacks which are being extensively circulated.

The license collections of last month amounted to $27,761. Of this sum 24 banks pay $31,000, and 589 retail liquor dealers $11,740.

By a recent order of the Supervisors ratifying the contract with the company, gas will hereafter cost the city 14½ cents for street lamps.

Francis Murphy, the temperance reformer, with his son, who has been co-operating with him in the work, has departed to his home in the East.

During the past week there were only 67 deaths in the city. During the corresponding weeks of the five previous years the rates were 87, 94, 117, 91 and 88.

The Monday dailies always have long accounts of the numerous base ball games played the day before. What would the lovers of this national game do without Sunday?

Whitelaw Reid, the editor in chief of the New York *Tribune*, is now in the city. He will visit the larger cities of the Coast, also Yo Semite Valley, before his return.

Politics is now the all-absorbing topic. The names of the candidates in the numerous parties are almost too numerous to count. Over 20,000 persons have been registered within less than three weeks.

They must have had a strong desire for tobacco smoke. A few nights ago, three men burglarized a cigar store on Dupont street and carried off several boxes of cigars. Only one was arrested.

The specifications for widening the first and second sections of the seawall from ninety-one feet to two hundred feet have been printed, and the Harbor Commissioners have advertised for bids for the work.

The other day, a man who without leave had taken a horse and buggy, and in his drunkenness had driven the horse so fast that he died, was fined $40 after he had paid $60 to the owner. Does the Court suppose that a little money can atone for such wicked cruelty to animals?

For the past six months there arrived in this city by rail 18,301, and by sea 7,375; there departed by rail 11,267, and by sea 5,965. The totals were: Arrivals 25,976, departures 17,235, showing a gain of 8,700. There were 4,400 arrivals from China and Japan, and 1,700 departures.

A free school of industrial drawing has just been opened in the Lincoln Evening School. Machinists, carpenters, masons, carvers, metal-plate-workers, etc., will find practical and experienced teachers. Three classes have already been established—one in free hand, another in architectural and the third in machine-drawing.

The Socialists of San Francisco held a meeting last Sunday evening. The principal speaker argued that transportation, commerce, and the furnishing of water should be conducted by the Government, for the benefit of the people, as is the Post Office Department. The land should also be under the control of the Government.

Judge Wright in the County Court has issued an order forbidding County Clerk Reynolds from granting persons access to his marriage license book from curiosity, or for the purpose of copying the names for publication, on the ground that such is against public policy, the license being only a preliminary step toward marriage.

The *City of Peking*, the last steamer from Hong Kong, brings more news from General Grant. At Tientsin he was greeted by an address from foreign residents. A grand banquet was given by the Chinese authorities in the principal native temple. He was largely entertained by the highest native officials and by distinguished foreigners.

The Board of Education some time ago resolved to exchange the McGuffey series of school books for the Pacific Coast series published by Bancroft & Co. An effort was made to restrain the Board from carrying out the order. The Fourth District Court, Judge Morrison, has now decided that the action of the Board was beyond and in excess of authority and is void. Hence there is no change in text books.

On Sunday of last week an assault was made upon J. C. Robertson, the principal teacher of the City Industrial School, by five boys, one of whom struck him on the head with a huge wooden bar, knocking him down senseless. He continued unconscious three days and then died. The boy who dealt the blow is fifteen years of age and was serving his fifth term in the institution. Surely he now merits promotion. He is under arrest for manslaughter.

Peter Anderson, for many years prominent among the colored people of this city, and lately editor of the *Pacific Appeal*, an organ of the colored population, is dead. The deceased was a native of Pennsylvania, and aged sixty years. He leaves a family in Philadelphia. For many years the old man's face has been familiar in Republican Clubs, and at all sorts of political gatherings, and by his death the colored people lose one of their long-time and truest friends. —*S. F. Call.*

The printers wish to get out of the City Treasury 37 cents per name, or $15,290 altogether, for printing the Great Register before the election. It is offered to be done by the electric pen for 22 cents per name, or $8 80, thus saving for the city the nice little sum of $6,490 besides expediting the work. But the printers say it would not be lawful to use the electric pen, and so they are trying to prevent it and then compel the letting parties to give them the job.

Owing to the recent death of Wm. Mitchell the Tax Collector, it devolved upon the Board of Supervisors to elect a new Collector to fill the vacancy, which was done at their last meeting. Several persons were nominated, but not until after one hundred and two ballots was there an election. The fortunate candidate was William Ford. He has previously filled the position. Giving bonds to the amount of $50,000, he immediately entered upon the duties of the office.

The six days walking craze at the Mechanics' Pavilion came to an end last week. On the last day and evening it was estimated that as many as 22,000 people visited the pavilion. Of the twelve contestants who entered, the following were the successful walkers: Frank Edwards won the first money, the Diamond Belt, $1,000; McIntyre, $750; Bowman, $500; Callahan, $250. During the six days, Edwards walked 371 miles; McIntyre, 364; Bowman, 367; Callahan, 353.

Four men went rowing on the bay last Sabbath, near Hunter's Point, and were about half a mile from shore when a gale arose and the boat was filled with an over-dashing wave and capsized. Shouting for help, three of the men started to swim for the shore. The fourth, who could not swim, clung to the capsized boat. In response to their cries, a party of Chinamen on shore put off to the rescue, but before they arrived the three who had abandoned the boat had been drowned. The man who was clinging to the boat, although nearly dead from fright and exhaustion, was taken into the Chinese boat and safely piloted to shore.

The funeral services over the body of the late Miss Kate Sullivan, for many years a teacher in the public schools of this city, were held in St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church last Sunday. The funeral was attended by the Superintendent of Schools, the Board of Education in a body, a large number of the teachers in the School Department, a large number of friends, and by over 1000 school children and former pupils of the deceased teacher. The services consisted of a portion of the Requiem High Mass, followed by the Absolution, and included a brief sermon by Rev. Father P. J. Cummings. At the cemetery the full burial services of the Roman Catholic ritural were performed.

The annual reports of Secretary Hunter, of the Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and Animals, show the following: Five hundred cases of cruelty to children were reported since the society was organized, and the success of the society in breaking down the practice of exhibiting children as acrobats, etc., and in saving young girls, had been remarkable. The Trustees, in order to raise funds for the society, will personally solicit life members. The fee is $100.

The operations of the Animal Society include 125 cases reported, 18 prosecuted, 103 remedied without prosecution. Eleven convictions were had in the Police Courts. The total receipts were $184 50; disbursements, $151.

NEWS SUMMARY.

The Duke of Argyll and his two daughters were in New York last week.

The Interior Department of Mexico reports the population of the Republic at 9,687,000.

The new Khedive of Egypt will visit the Sultan and present his homage in November.

During the 24 hours previous to noon, July 17, there were 249 deaths in the city of New York.

A marble statue is to be erected in Westminster Abbey in memory of Prince Napoleon.

The steamer *State of California* made her last trip from Portland to this city in less than 46 hours running time.

In Brussels, Belgium, another placard threatening the King's life has been posted on the walls of the churches.

There is a project on foot in France to open up Central Africa to the commercial world by a railroad connecting Algeria and Senegal with Soudan.

In New York city, at the hour of half-past 3 o'clock in the morning, the thermometer stood at 82 degrees. The day before it was about 100 in the shade.

Newark, New Jersey, is likely to be connected with New York bay by a ship canal. When finished, sea-going vessels of the largest size can reach Newark from the lower bay.

The weather in New York has been intensely hot. In the shade the thermometer registered as high as 103 degrees. At Cincinnati and St. Louis there several fatal cases of sunstroke.

A terrible tornado swept over Boston and other cities of Massachusetts and in the Connecticut valley the other day. There was immense destruction of property, and several lives were lost.

A Washington telegram says that for the sake of health President Hayes expects to be absent from the Capitol during the month of September, which he will spend at his home in Fremont, Ohio.

A telegram from Rome says that a circular has been addressed to the Bishops throughout the Catholic world, calling on them to promote a monster clerical pilgrimage to Rome for the next feast of Epiphany.

It is currently reported from Washington that the successor of Secretary McCrary, of the War Department, who will shortly retire, will be ex-Senator Ramsey, of Minnesota. He is a man of ability and much worth.

Anthony Zabriskie, a millionaire living at Central Morrisania, near New York city, a member of an ancient, historical and very eccentric family, was instantly killed at Central Morrisania by an express train. Zabriskie's property was estimated at $10,000,000.

Cox, the murderer of Mrs. Hull, in New York, has been found guilty of murder in the first degree and condemned to be hanged. This is the man, it will be recollected, who entered the room of Mrs. Hull by night and gagged her that he might secure her money and jewelry. He left her gagged and tied, in which condition she died.

There are some fears that yellow fever may scourge our country this season. A late dispatch from Philadelphia says that a brig from Port au Paix, St. Domingo, bound to Chester, Pa., had arrived in great distress, twelve miles below that city. Of nine men on board, seven were down with the yellow fever. Four deaths had occurred, the captain among the number.

Agricultural returns to the Department at Washington show that the condition of the cotton crop for July has not been maintained. It is 3 per cent less than in June. In the corn crop the whole country exceeds last year. The acreage of tobacco is less. Of spring wheat the returns for July give the average condition at 91 against 106 last year. Of winter wheat July returns show an average condition of 91 against 101.

The agitation in France on the Education Bill, that has been before the Senate for some time, still continues. The opposition is directed against the Anti-Jesuit clause. It is stated that some deputies intend to ask the Government to abandon the clause, and in lieu thereof to put into force certain laws relating to Jesuits which have fallen into abeyance. The laws which empower the Government to expel the Jesuits from France have never been repealed, and it is believed the Government will enforce them.

The State Department at Washington has telegraphed information of the safe return of Minister Seward to China. He carried with him especial instructions from Secretary Evarts to obtain an interview with the Chinese Minister of Foreign Affairs and other high dignitaries of the Imperial Government as soon as possible after his arrival in Peking, and to bring to their attention the desire of the United States Government for such modification of the Burlingame Treaty as will provide for placing restrictions upon Chinese immigration to the United States. His instructions are of a specific and urgent nature.

A prohibition convention has been held in Iowa. The platform declares prohibition the only sound legislative theory upon which to solve this vexed question and save the nation; demands enforcement of the State Prohibition law and its amendment to include wine and beer, and demands that women be allowed to vote on temperance issues. A resolution favoring a constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture, importation or sale of alcoholic liquors, except for medical or mechanical purposes, was adopted. After the adjournment, another meeting was called by a minority and a prohibition ticket nominated.

The question of the emancipation of the Jews in Roumania assumes more importance. A telegram from Bucharest says; The Ministers tendered their resignation to-day, and the Chamber of Deputies immediately assembled for consultation. The Ministers could not secure a majority in favor of emancipation of the Jews, which the Powers urgently demand as a condition that they recognize the independence of Roumania. It is believed that if the Jews are not emancipated, Austria, Russia and Turkey, who have already recognized the independence of Roumania by appointing representatives at Bucharest, will recall them. It is feared that any further attempt to coerce Roumania might be the commencement of renewed complications in Eastern affairs.

The New York *Tribune*, describing visits of Tenement-House Inspectors to the worst places in Baxter and other streets, says: The Chinese have taken possession of South Mott street. It is a curious fact that, while the most debased among the Irish women of this quarter live with brutal Italians, the younger, best looking and neater of them live from choice with the Chinese on Mott street, who it is said treat them kindly, do most of the housework themselves and make provident masters. Even basement rooms inhabited by them smell sweeter than the upper stories where Italians congregate. In a Chinese restaurant across the street four Chinamen were found at dinner. The neatness of the table and the appearance of the viands would have done credit to a second-class American restaurant; at least the ware was apparently of choice patterns of porcelain, and the food quails and rice.

The *City of Sydney*, which arrived last week from Australia via Honolulu, brought the following items of news:

An eight-ounce gold nugget has been found at Reefton, New Zealand.

James Barbour, of Auckland, is building a steamer upon a new principle, which he expects will make 30 miles an hour in smooth water.

In New South Wales free railway passes are being issued to immigrants to enable them to travel in the country districts in search of employment. The railroads belong to the State.

Taking all the New Zealand railway lines together, in round numbers they are now paying five per cent interest on £5,000,000, or $25,000,000, capital invested. They are owned and operated by the Government.

The Sydney University, incorporated in 1851, has cost, in buildings and endowments, $1,000,000; and receives an annual parliamentary grant of $25,000, plus salaries of the principals of the several colleges.

About $2,000,000 was expended in primary education in New South Wales last year. The attendance aggregated 128,125 children, who paid in fees $350,000. Population of the colony, 700,000.

In New Zealand the lowest rate of agricultural wages is at present 8s ($2) a day of eight hours' work. Wheat sells at $1 per bushel and butcher's meat is about eight cents per pound. The consequence is that the vital statistics of the colony, just published, show an excess of births over deaths of 230 per cent.

SAN FRANCISCO MARKET.

FLOUR—The export movement for the week is very small. At the moment there is little inquiry for shipping. The local demand is better than lately. Receipts are very light and stocks show a further reduction. Added to this is the continued strength in the raw material. The market is firm with a further upward tendency. We quote higher for all but superfine.

We quote, Superfine common, $3 75@$4 00; Superfine, $4 12½@$4 25; extra superfine, $4 37½@$4 50; choice and extra choice, $5 25@$5 50; Oregon, good to choice, $4 75@$5 12½.

WHEAT—There is a continued good demand for export. Liverpool ruled strong all the week until Friday when a decline of 1d all round for spot took place. This had no influence here, partly because shipping cargoes were quoted firm, and partly because several ships must fill up or go on demurrage at once; others must get off by the 1st of August, after which there will be less buying pressure, and we may expect an easier market without a rise abroad. Offerings are very small and shippers, whose necessities cause them to want grain are buying in the interior at easier prices than rule here. It is a noteworthy fact that the Chicago ring, after carrying their big stock so many months, are now selling. They parted with four million bushels in two days, and under that influence the market at New York weakened and went off 2c. We do not hesitate to say that there is nothing to justify holding for an advance upon present rates which will cover the many and great expenses of holding. The farmers think otherwise. We will see who is right. We could wish they might be, but can hardly hope it. Freights are higher and likely to rule firm for sixty days at least.

We quote superfine, $1 45@$1 55; fair to choice milling, $1 65@$1 75; shipping, $1 65@$1 72½.

BARLEY—The demand for all kinds is very much better; it is partly local and partly for export. There is little coming forward, and stock in store are much reduced. The market is firm at an advance on feed. Chevalier is in fair demand for export at $1 39 to $1 75 for good to choice Bay Coast sells at $1 00 to $1 10.

We quote feed, 60c@75c (all gold); Brewing, 85@$1 00; Chevalier, $1 00@$1 10; for Coast, $1 50@$1 75, for good, to choice bay.

CORN—Receipts and offerings are small. The demand is little improved, and the market is firmer at an advance.

We quote large yellow, 75c@77½c; small yellow, 85c@90c; white, 75½@75c.

OATS—Retailers stocked up heavily some time ago, and since then have been out of the market, which consequently is very quiet. Receipts are small, and stocks are not very heavy. The demand must soon revive, and then in the absence of free arrivals we may expect better prices.

We quote milling at $1 45@1 55; good to choice feed, $1 35@$1 45; common to fair feed, $1 10@$1 30.

RYE—This market is entirely dead and nominal.

We now quote at 80@85.

BUCKWHEAT—For all grades we quote $1 20@$1 40.

MILLSTUFFS—This market is quiet and easy.

Bran, per ton	$13 00@14 00
Middlings, per ton	17 00@18 00
Corn, ground, per ton, gold	21 00@22 00
Barley, ground, per ton, gold	17 00@18 00

HOPS—We condense the following from the *San Francisco Prices Current*:

Receipts and Exports for year 1878-9, and totals compared with previous years.

Years.	Receipts. Cal.	Or. Bales.	Sea	Exports. Rail. Lbs.
1878-9.	6,474	6,318	356,515	1,473,854
1877-76.	753	7,391	481,480	1,184,925
1876-7.	8,454	4,798	175,408	1,751,594
1875-0.	..6,702	1,083	377,036	939,121

Of exports by sea nearly 100,000 lbs. went to Liverpool, 140,000 lbs. to Australia, 50,000 lbs. to New Zealand, 14,000 lbs. to New York, 10,000 lbs. to Peru, the balance was widely distributed in small lots, such as 3,700 lbs. to Chili, 3,000 to Central America, 2,500 to China. Stocks here are well cleaned up. Choice are scarce. The market is dull.

We quote California 4@7c; Oregon and Washington Territory 2@5c.

WOOL—This market remains as previously reported. Receipts come mostly from Oregon, and are steadily accumulating. Sales are few and far between, and only to be effected at concessions. Holders are anxious and nervous for the most part. Choice Humboldt and Sonoma is pretty firmly held at the outside quotations, but on all others the market is weak.

San Joaquin, fair to good	16 @ 20
San Joaquin, poor to fair	12 @ 15
Southern, fair to good	15 @ 20
Southern, poor to fair	10 @ 12
Northern, choice	25 @ 27
Northern, fair to good	20 @ 24
Humboldt and Sonoma	26 @ 27
Eastern Oregon	16 @ 15
Valley Oregon	23 @ 29

BUTTER—Receipts continue free and the demand is very light. Much of our population is out of the city and fruit is plentiful and cheap. Still the market must fall off greatly from this on and we may expect to see a reaction for the better soon.

CHEESE—Stocks are very heavy and receipts liberal. The demand is light and the market depressed and weak.

EGGS—Arrivals from Utah are free, and from our own State large for the season, but less than the previous. Western and Oregon deliveries are light. Stocks here are much reduced, and all good eggs are doing better, but as prices go up the demand falls off. We must not look for much further appreciation in values.

We quote: California choice fresh roll butter, 17@18c; common to good roll, 14@16c; Cheese, California, 7@9c; Western Cheese, 10@12c ₩ lb; California Eggs, 20@24c.

SALMON AND SMOKED FISH—Stocks are large of all kinds, and there is little doing. New catch Columbia river, 1 lb. tins, are firmly held, but all other kind of salmon is dull and weak. Barrels are more or less nominal and can be had at concessions.

We quote, $1 10@$1 15 for 1-lb tins; bbl, $4@$6; hf bbl, 2 50@$3 50; all as to qual, where caught and grade of fish. Cod, Pacific, bbls 5@6c ₩ lb; Cod, in cases, 6½@7c; Cod, boneless, Eastern, 9@10c ₩ lb; Georges Cod, 9c ₩ lb; Mackerel, hf bbls, No. 1, $10 00@$11 00; do, hf bbls, No. 2, $8 00@$10 00; do, kits, No. 1, $2 25@$2 50; do, kits, No. 2, $2 00@$2 25.

PROVISIONS—Receipts of hams are light for the season. Stocks are small and there is a good jobbing demand. The market is firm and going higher. Bacon steady for choice light, and lard is still very dull and weak.

We quote: California plain Hams, 9@10; Eastern Canvased C. S. C. Hams, 13@15c, as to brand; California Lard, 7@7½c; Eastern do, 8@12½c; California Bacon, 7@9c; Eastern Bacon, 8@10c; California Smoked Beef, $9 00@$11 00 ₩ bbl; Beef, $8 50@$10 50 ₩ bbl; hf bbl, $4 50@$6 00; Pork ₩ bbl, $13 00@$20 00.

BEANS AND DRIED—There is no improvement in this market, and none likely at this season.

Peas, ₩ 100 lbs, $2 00@2 25; Butter, $2 00@$2 25; Lima, $6 50@$6 75; Red, $1 15@$1 30; Pink, $1 00@$1 20; Bayos, $1 10@$1 20; Small, white, $2 00@2 25; Dried Peas, sweet, — —@—— Dried Peas, Blackeye, $1 00@$1 50; Dried Peas, small white, $1 00@$1 12½; Dried Peas, field pea, $1 00@1 50.

POTATOES—Receipts continue excessive. The combination was an utter failure. The market is overstocked, very dull and weak. Onions are also plentiful and cheaper.

Pototoes—We quote, 25c ₩ box and 35@40c ₩ sack, the latter for very choice. Onions are quotable at 40@50c for good red to choice yellow. Poor red sell at from 25 to 35c.

THAT DREADFUL AFFLICTION, Epilepsy, Convulsions or Fits, soon becomes firmly fixed by habit, each attack increasing the liability to a return, and adding greatly to the difficulty of arresting the disorder. In the absence of proper treatment, a mere faintness, with slight muscular twitchings, occurring at long intervals, in time become violent convulsions of great frequency, and the patient gradually sinks into imbecility. If relief is obtainable at all after the disease is thus firmly seated, it must be from some treatment which is permanent in its effects, and which not only has a tendency to suppress the attacks, but which will remove the morbid tendency to relapse. Dr. Jayne's Alterative has happily been found to answer this purpose admirably; it gradually changes the morbid condition of the system, removes the cause of the disease, and when its use is continued for a sufficient length of time, produces a permanent cure. Let the afflicted try it.

Distressing Symptoms

In the stomach and bowels may announce the existence either of dyspepsia in the first or an obstruction in the second, or the approach of some choleraic complaint, or simple diarrhœa. Colic, bitter or sour eructations, a pressing down of the bowels, a feeling of oppression or fluttering at the pit of the stomach, are among these unpleasant symptoms. They and their cause are speedily remedied by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a single wineglassful often causing an immediate cessation of pain. When the difficulty continues, it is only necessary to pursue the use of this standard carminative and anti-dyspeptic medicine to obtain entire and permanent relief. Nothing in the composition or flavor of the Bitters is in the slightest degree objectionable. Medical men pronounce it eminently pure.

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If our readers desire a comfortable, cheap, and at the same time an elegant home while in the city, let them call at the Nevada House, 132 Sixth street, San Francisco, where they will find a genial hostess, well lighted, ventilated and beautifully furnished room, and prices reasonable.

Mechanics' Institute Fair.

There will be no more desirable time to visit San Francisco than during the exhibition of the Mechanics' Institute, which opens on the 5th of August. The management expect to make the present the most successful of any that has preceded it.

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Continue to satisfy their country customers by the prompt and careful manner in which they fill their orders. Remit by Wells, Fargo & Co. or by P. O. order, and your goods will be sent in good order, and of the best quality and at the lowest market rates.

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Its action on disease is entirely different from any medicine ever introduced. Three doses will relieve any ordinary case, but the medicine should be continued until it effects a complete cure. It tones and invigorates the digestive organs and stimulates the liver to healthy action, thus preventing or entirely curing diseases arising from indigestion, or weak and impure blood.

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The Leading Paper.

Nevada Tribune, May 9.

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If your wife will persist in the use of cosmetics buy her a cake of PHOSPHATE SOAP and tell her to use it every night before retiring. In that way much of the harm will be avoided, as the skin will thereby be able to retain much of its natural vigor and beauty.

Natural beauty surpasses anything which can be imparted by artificial means. PHOSPHATE SOAP gives health to the skin simply by removing impurities and eradicating the poisons which give rise to skin diseases.

Cheap toilet soaps manufactured from rancid and refuse grease injure the skin and are really more expensive than PHOSPHATE SOAP, which retails for 25 cents per cake.

THE BEST soap for toilet use ever manufactured. BEST because it contains all the excellencies of the most expensive foreign or American soaps without their defects. BEST because it combines strength with delicacy in such a way that its strong detersive qualities do not injure the skin. BEST because it is the result of years of study and experiment in the soap manufacturing business, assisted by modern chemical discoveries. BEST because it contains ingredients beneficial to the skin, which unite chemically with the soap in such a manner as to increase its saponaceous qualities. Every chemist familiar with soap manufacturer knows that some ingredients which are in themselves beneficial to the skin cannot be saponified; cases are partially neutralized, while others injure the quality of the soap. There are soaps in the market which are to some extent beneficial to the skin, but they are inferior articles for toilet use. PHOSPHATE SOAP is the ONLY article offered to the public which combines all the best elements of toilet soap with medical ingredients beneficial to the skin.

PHOSPHATE SOAP costs no more than other good toilet soaps, while its medicinal qualities make it worth ten times its price to every man, woman and child.

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If you want a nice article of Toilet Soap and something that is beneficial to the skin, buy PHOSPHATE SOAP.

TESTIMONIALS:

SAN FRANCISCO, July 19, 1879.

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The Yolo Democrat

OFFICIAL PAPER OF YOLO COUNTY.

WOODLAND, CAL:
Thursday, July 31st, 1879.

Democratic Nominations.

Election, Wednesday, Sept. 3d, 1879.

STATE TICKET.

For Governor:
HUGH J GLENN.....Of Colusa
For Lieutenant-Governor:
LEVI CHASE.....Of San Diego
For Secretary of State:
W J TINNIN.....Of Trinity
For State Treasurer:
G T PAULL.....Of Sonoma
For Controller:
W B C BROWN.....Of Sacramento
For Attorney-General:
JO HAMILTON.....Of Placer
For Surveyor-General:
WILLIAM MINIS.....Of Yolo
For Clerk of Supreme Court:
D B WOOLF.....Of San Francisco
For Superintendent of Public Instruction:
HENRY C GEFFORD.....Of Napa
For Chief Justice:
R F MORRISON.....Of San Francisco
For Associate Justices:
S B McKEE.....Of Alameda
E W McKINSTRY.....Of San Francisco
E M ROSS.....Of Los Angeles
T B REARDON.....Of Nevada
T P STONEY.....Of Napa
J D THORNTON.....Of San Francisco
For State Board of Equalization—Third Dist.:
CALEB E WILCOXSON.....Of Sutter
For Railroad Commissioner—First District.
G J CARPENTER.....Of El Dorado

FOR CONGRESS—*Third District:*
C P BERRY.....Of Sutter

JOINT SENATOR—*Yolo and Solano.*
J H HARLAN.....Of Yolo.

COUNTY TICKET.

E R BUSH.....Superior Judge
D N HERSHEY.....Assembly
J D LAWSON.....Sheriff
H B PENDEGAST.....Clerk
J O MAXWELL.....Recorder
A C KEAN.....Treasurer
FRED KLAYS.....Assessor
W H GRANT.....District Attorney
J W GOIN.....County Superintendent Schools
L P EVERETT.....Surveyor
S L MONDAY.....Public Administrator
PETER KRELLENBERG.....Coroner

CACHE CREEK TOWNSHIP NOMINATIONS.
E PETERSON.....Justice of Peace
SAM MONTGOMERY.....Constable

REPUBLICAN GORHAM'S PORTRAIT BY A REPUBLICAN EDITOR.

Hear what Pixley, the President of the last Republican State Convention, says of his yoke-fellow Gorham, whom he (Pixley) put upon the Committee on Resolutions at the said State Republican Convention:

"Mr. Gorham sees that he has no longer a place in Republican ranks. He is a detected party villain; dishonest, selfish, and a traitor. He is, and ever since he joined the party has been, a whining mendicant for place. He has brought disaster and disgrace to the organization since it had the misfortune to acknowledge or know him. There was nothing for the party to do but to repudiate or dismiss him. He is ungrateful and mendacious; he is unprincipled and dishonest; he has been a cause of reproach and a disturber; he is arrogant, insolent and dictatorial; he has no sagacity to lead and no fidelity to follow. He has been unfaithful to friends, a treacherous and dishonest intriguant. There is no place in the Republican party for him or such as he, and the best evidence that the Republican party is worthy the confidence and esteem of honest and honorable men is, that it has the courage on the eve of an important election to kick George C. Gorham and his nasty little band of dishonest followers out of it. He may take the stump or highway and turn traitor or panel thief; for, now that he is stripped of his lion's skin, we see the animal he is, and do not fear either his bray or the wagging of his ears."

And most of the Republican press are reiterating such *compliments* as this about their old political crony, George Cooley Gorham. And who is this man Gorham, that these political demagogues are trying now to repudiate, and to palm off on some other party? "There is no place in the Republican party for him, or such as he." Indeed! How long is it since he was the head and front of this same Republican party? How long? Hardly *six weeks* ago he figured in the regular Republican State Convention, helped to form its platform, and had a potent voice in its deliberations. And how long is it since he was the pet Republican Secretary of the United States Senate, and as Chairman or Secretary of the National Republican Committee, was carrying out the behests of the Republican junto in Washington, working cheek-by-jowl with the Zack Chandlers and Don Camerons and Blaines and their co-conspirators in robbing the Democracy of the Union of their true and lawful President of the United States, and aiding their foul frand and conspiracy in foisting a fraud, a sham candidate into the Presidential office? This congenial, dirty work, you, ye Republican saints, were willing to have this "detected party villain" aid you in doing; and now you are trying to throw off on him; now that he has deserted you because he no longer could manipulate his old associate villains and control their organization. You wish to throw him on to the Democratic party. No, we thank you!—we wish to be excused; we have no use for him, nor the like of him. But do not claim it as a merit, as "evidence that the Republican party is worthy the confidence and esteem of honest and honorable men," because you have "kicked him out of your party," at this late day, for he says he is not out, but will be found battling side by side with his old Republican co-conspirators, in 1880, when there is more President robbing and thievery to be done. No! thank fortune, he doesn't intend to stay "kicked out," but will return to his old Republican wigwam, like a dog returns to his vomit, as soon as he has gratified his spite and revenge, and had a hand (or foot!), in kicking back at his old political repudiators in California.

The Sacramento *Bee* says, "There is, after all, a difference between Gorham and the H. B's. The latter are "honorable" bilks, and Gorham isn't.

Now it is some consolation to us Democrats to see, almost daily, some such testimony of these self-convicted rogues, as they are turning State's evidence against each other.

THE *Yolo Mail* is among the papers that continue to falsify Dr. Glenn's position as to the employment of Chinese, notwithstanding the fact that the Colusa *Sun*, published at Dr. Glenn's home, says it is absolutely false, and that Glenn *does not* employ Chinamen.

POLITICAL BLUNDERS.

We agree with Brother Spencer, the intelligent and throughly Democratic Editor of the *Stanislaus News*, that this may be called a year of political blundering. The Democrats made the first blunder in their State Committee by postponing the meeting of their State Convention. The Republicans made the next blunder in the selection of Perkins and their railroad candidates. It now looks (adds our sagacious brother of the quill) as if Dr. Glenn and the New Constitution party combined had made the most serious blunder of all. Some of the New Constitution party members had been blustering and threatening to take Glenn off their ticket even before the Democratic Convention nominated him as its standard bearer. In fact, up to last Wednesday, the organ of the new party had not editorially said a good word for its candidate. Not a meeting had been held in the State in the interest of Glenn, or its nominees. On the Monday previous the New Party Committee seriously proposed to take Dr. Glenn off their ticket, unless he gave a pledge that he would support their ticket. The Democratic State Committee was also in session at the same time. It appointed a committee to confer with the new party committee, looking to a co-operation. The new party refused any concessions other than that the Democrats retire from the contest. The Democrats proposed that the candidates, especially Dr. Glenn, be not required to make any pledge. This also was refused. Dr. Glenn afterwards, it appeared, handed to the New Constitution Party Committee his "implied" agreement to support the ticket of the new party, which the *News* says "was entirely uncalled for and unnecessary. It embarrasses and complicates matters. It is liable to double interpretation, and may to say the least, cost Glenn thousands of votes, if not his election." And this is just one view of the case.

It should be added, that Mr. Spencer, the editor quoted above, was one of the few Democratic Editors who supported the New Constitution at the late election, is now the Democratic candidate for the Assembly, in Stanislaus county, and *is bound to be elected*, or we very much mistake the signs of the times. Mr. Spencer had too much sagacity, too much political integrity to go off into a new party organization that has no significance, and is only calculated to embarrass and weaken the Democratic party. And he might have added this new party organization to the list of political blunders of the day—perhaps the greatest blunder of them all. He seems to realize this, for in closing another article on the Dangers and Issues of the Times, he says:

"We therefore insist that Democrats, whether in the new party or of the old organization, should be watchful as to the probable result. Let there not exist such a gulf between the two lines that we cannot counsel and act together on National issues. As now presented, the situation, so far as it pertains to National politics, is a dangerous one to the Democracy. Many of our strongest men, by going into the new party, have been neutralized, and appear utterly indifferent as to National issues and the result of the Congressional election."

STEADY DEMOCRATS! STAND FIRM!

Let not the little flurry about the head of your State ticket, disconcert or demoralize you. You have a good, genuine, reliable Democratic County and District ticket; Senatorial and Congressional tickets that you can rely upon, and a State and Judiciary ticket that you can safely trust, whether you all are satisfied with the head of your ticket or not. That will come all right before the time for voting comes on. Be not distracted nor disconcerted by what the enemies of the Democracy may say or do.

They are all waiting eagerly for a chance to divide us so that they can have some show of success. Let them be disappointed, and all their schemes be put to flight. If the present head of your ticket is allowed to vote a half and half Republican ticket, *don't you do it!* Your nominating conventions have given *you* no dispensation to do so, and you do not need to do it, because you have a ticket of your own that is Democratic, and uncontaminatedly so. Therefore we conjure you to stand firm for your ticket.

REPUBLICAN CONSISTENCY.

The Republican organs are making themselves grimly facetious because Dr. Glenn allows himself to be the candidate of two parties; and think it inconsistent in him to belong to a party whose platform he does not endorse. Do these Republicans forget that the father, the legitimate progenitor of the Republican party, while supporting the candidates of his party, used to *spit on their platforms?* That was all right in Horace Greeley, the champion of modern Republicanism, all proper and consistent, but they are greatly shocked lest the Democratic candidate of to-day should stumble over some of the various platforms that come before him. Would it not appear quite as well, if these busy meddlers should leave those family affairs, to the party they belong to?

HOW WILL IT BE THEN?

The attitude of some of those who branched off with the new party move is something similar to that of the boy who climbed a cherry tree by means of a ladder and was discovered by the owner of the cherries, who tried to persuade him to come down, upon terms of forgiveness. The young fellow refused to do so, saying that it was the wisest plan to enjoy the cherries regardless of what might follow; whereupon the farmer carried away the ladder, leaving him to get down the best way he could. Some of our politicians will see the application when they again ask their parties to give them an office. They may enjoy the cherries now, but when they want to get down from their high altitude they will find the ladder not there, and their only recourse will be to fall down.

THE *Mail* says Glenn will vote with the N. C. party, etc., and yet claims to be a good Democrat. Better see how many Republicans are in the same boat, neighbor? There are lots of 'em, and they'll say they are just as good Republicans, and just as Radical as the *Mail* man, notwithstanding.

SAYS the *Call*: The people are begining to understand that persons who dodge about from one party to another in a frantic search for office *are not to be trusted!*

Latest Telegraphic News.

Associated Press Special Dispatches.

Victory Over the Zulus.

LONDON, July 23.—A telegram dated Cape Town, July 8th, states that Lord Chelmsford advanced and was attacked in open country by 15,000 Zulus, who fled under the heavy fire from the British. Lord Chelmsford then advanced and destroyed Ulindi. The Zulu loss was 800. The British lost 10 killed and 53 wounded.

War Imminent.

LONDON, July 23.—War between Turks and Greeks is said to be imminent.

Sacramento Matters.

SACRAMENTO, July 22.—The foundation for the new depot of the C. P. R. R. is nearly completed, and to-morrow a force of carpenters will begin framing the timbers.

The Coronor's Jury over the remains of J. M. Keyes, killed by the explosion of the boiler at the railroad shops, found that deceased let steam into a cold boiler, which caused it to collapse, and the boiler being connected with the one that exploded, caused it to explode as it did. The Jury found that blame attaches to no person.

Gunpowder for Zululand.

LONDON, July 22.—Three hundred barrels of gunpowder were shipped from Woolwich yesterday for the Cape of Good Hope.

The Scourge in Memphis.

MEMPHIS (Penn), July 23.—Thirteen new cases were reported to the Board of Health this morning. One death has occured. The fever seems to be gradually spreading in the northern portion of the city and Chelsea, which up to yesterday had been exempt.

Evening.—Six more cases were reported to the Board of Health this evening. Two additional deaths have occured.

Demand for Wheat.

NEW YORK, July 13.—The *Herald* to-day says: Six countries in Europe will this year be compelled to buy 300,000,000 bushels of wheat, and France and England will need three-fourths of this quanity. The operations this year will tend to greatly stimulate cultivation of wheat lands.

Lynching of a Fiend.

CHICAGO, July 23.—A *Tribune's* Quincy (Ill.) special says: A band of determined men entered the jail where Frank Hobbs (colored) was confined on a charge of outraging and nearly killing Mrs. Ferguson, at Redding, Pike County, shot him dead, and dragged his body, riddled with bullets through the streets. His victim had identified him.

Wheelbarrow Tramps.

NEW YORK, July 25.—The wheelborrow men who arrived here yesterday from California reported they had no serious accidents. They were bothered some by tramps, but revolvers kept them off. They were told on the route that they were a pair of lunatics. They go to Europe to wheelbarrow.

Three Insane Sisters.

CHICAGO, July 25.—The Coroner's jury today decided that Elizabeth and Anne Trowbridge, sisters, who so tragically committed suicide Monday evening, were of unsound mind at the time of their decease; also discharging Nona Trowbridge from all complicity in the death of her sisters, she being also insane.

Jerome Napoleon Accepts.

PARIS, July 14.—The *Figaro* publishes a letter from M. Prax, of Paris, a leading Bonapartist, which has every appearance of a manifesto inspired by Prince Jerome Napoleon. The letter declares that the Prince accepts the rights and duties of his position.

Insanity—Loss of Wife and Children.

HALIFAX, July 24.—A passenger by the State of Virginia, named Peden, whose wife and two children were drowned at Sable Island, has become insane, and has been sent to the lunatic asylum.

Capture of Tom Lawton.

WALLA WALLA (W. T.), July 25.—Tom Lawton, one of the Tullis murderers, is in jail at Lewiston, Idaho. He confesses.

A Newspaper Man in Luck.

DENVER, (Col.) July 25.—A mine on Mosquito Range, near Leadville, in which W. A. Lovdland, of the Denver *News*, has a one-half interest, has come into marvellously rich carbonates, equal to anything before discovered. Loveland refused $300,000 for his interest, and has paid $100,000 for three adjoining mines.

A Month's Fires.

ST. PETERSBURG, July 26.—The Minister of the Interior reports 3,501 fires during June, causing a damage of over twelve million roubles; 508 fires were incendiary.

Tom Lawton.

SACRAMENTO, July 26.—Concerning the reported capture of Tom Lawton, Sheriff Drew has a dispatch from Lewiston, Idaho, saying the man under arrest there answers the description, except as to the tattoo on his arm, and that the prisoner insists he is Tom Lawton. The authorities here are in doubt yet about going to see the prisoner, and will communicate further by telegraph.

Highwaymen's Work.

WALLA WALLA, July 26.—The Oro Fino Express was robbed yesterday by three men about eight miles beyond Cold Springs. The robbers got about $1,200 in dust and other valuables, mostly belonging to Chinamen.

A Newspaper Man's Sentence.

PARIS, July 26.—The manager of the *Lanterne* newspaper has been sentenced to four months' imprisonment and a fine of 4,000 francs, for publishing false news and libelling public functionaries.

Damaging Storm in Pennsylvania.

PITTSBURG, July 27.—The storm of yesterday, though not so severe in the city or immediate vicinity, was fearful in its effect in the surrounding villages and country. The principal damage here was in washing out streets and sidewalks. The storm throughout the lower oil country was very damaging. The oil towns of Petrolia and Karns suffered terribly. Twenty-five houses in the former place were swept away and destroyed, and the line of railroad from Parker and Karns city was submerged, bridges washed out and culverts destroyed, and the road ruined in many places. The people of that section, in many instances, barely escaped with their lives.

Grangers Solicitign Exhibits.

SACRAMENTO, July 27.—The Sacramento Grange, at a meeting on Saturday, appointed a Committee to address letters to all Granges, urging farmers to take an especial interest in the coming State Fair, and to make a full exhibit of all agricultural products, and especially to make exhibits from every section of samples of grain, wheat—good, rusted, cheated, shrunken, etc., with written statements concerning the location, surroundings, soil, etc., of each sample, to the end that farmers may study the questions involved and ascertain the facts relative to the adaptability of soils to grains. The Committee consists of Dr. W. S. Manlove, George T. Rich, James Butler, and Daniel Flint. The same Committee is to attend the Grange State Convention at Martinez, August 22d and 23d.

Plan for Emancipating Slaves.

LONDON, July 27.—A dispatch from Madrid intimates that the Cabinet, at the next session of the Cortes, intends to introduce bills for a gradual extinction of slavery and the payment of compensation to proprietors of slaves, the freed men to give some years of labor for their liberty.

Submarine Telegraph Messages.

LONDON, July 27.—The report of the Anglo-American Cable Company says. It has been determined to lay a new cable next year to facilitate the transmission of the increased number of messages which may be expected from a lower tariff. The deep sea section will consist of new cable of the latest approved type.

Captured by Bloodhounds.

ATLANTA, July 28.—Officers have returned from a bloodhound hunt after one of the murderers of Defor and his wife, on Friday night. They captured him and he confesses to the murder being done by himself, a white man and another negro. Asa Morgan, the captured man, says he held the lamp while the white man killed the old people. Two officers are after the other two. Morgan is in jail. He was badly bitten by the hounds. He says a large amount of money was obtained by the murder.

Fusion in San Diego.

SAN DIEGO, July 28.—The County Democratic Convention met here to-day. There were forty-three delegates present in person and fifteen by proxy. The H. B. ticket was endorsed throughout.

Ship Railroad.

NEW YORK, July 28.—Chas. W. S. Heaton, inventor of armor for ironclads, states that in 1864 he sent to the *Herald* of this city a proposition for a ship railroad across Panama; about identied with that of his friend Captain Eads, but which the *Herald* did not print, declaring it visionary. He thinks it will yet be built. The arguments in its favor are unanswerable.

Resignation of Minister Welsh.

NEW YORK, July 28.—The *Herald* says: A dispatch brings the unexpected news that Mr. Welsh, who has represented the United States so unobtrusively and so intelligently at the Court of St. James, has been led by domestic affliction to resign. The Administration will be fortunate if it can replace Mr Welsh with a successor so estimable as himself.

Telegraphic Summary.

There were six new cases of yellow fever reported in Memphis on Monday. It seems there is no sewerage there.

The Congressional Investigating Committee was in session at Cincinnati on the 28th.

Several persons were severely injured by a railroad collision near Doylestown, Pa., on Saturday night.

The New York *Times* and *Commercial Bulletin* are making severe attacks on the Railroad monopolies of the country.

Thomas H. Benner charged his wife with intimacy with Haverfield, Superintendent of the Antietam Seminary, at Baltimore, on the 28th, when she seized a carbine and shot him through the heart.

In Aecora County, Texas, on Saturday, Thos. F. Defrees attacked Chas Tempke, when the latter stabbed him to the heart.

A violent hurricane occurred at Triest on the 28th, causing the loss of several lives and damaging twenty vessels.

THE FARMERS AND THE WHEAT.

Those of our farmer readers who have watched the signs of the times and kept themselves posted as to the condition and prospects of the wheat market in Europe will scarcely need be cautioned not to sell their wheat too soon. A report of the Minister of the Interior in France recently estimated that the deficiency in the wheat crop in France alone would amount to $100,000,000; that it would fall that much short of the necessary supply for their own home consumption. And France has generally been an exporter of breadstuffs, has had a surplus to spare to England, and other of her neighbors that might be short of supplies. Russia and Italy have also short crops, not half, probably, their usual amounts for export. How, then, is England, which has, herself, also a short crop, to get supplied with her 100,000,000 bushels deficiency, except by drawing on the United States? England will need from as 75,000,000 bushels, and France 50,000,000 bushels, and a goodly share of all the surplus we shall have to spare in California will be drawn upon to supply this demand.

Wheat in New York city has for some time back been selling for two cents, and why should it not be worth that in California? Simply because the wheat-buying monopolists do not choose to pay it. When they have squeezed out of the farmers all they can get at 1¾ or 1¾, then they will be ready to advance the prices. If by October 1st farmers do not get 2 cents for their wheat we shall be disappointed.

THOSE of the new party—Democrats especially—who contemplate supporting their candidate, Mr. Barney, should remember that that gentleman was confessedly a Republican, "in good standing," up to the day he received the nomination on the N. C. P. ticket, and his name is still on the Republican roll, showing that he has no sympathy with the movement further than to obtain votes. If Democrats can be gulled into supporting such a two-faced candidate they have certainly lost much of their former devotion to the party and its exalted principles.

WE are authorized by Judge Bush to state that the insinuation contained in the *Daily Republican* of the 29th instant is wholly false. To us, the item accusing Bush and Barney of trading looks very much like a public offer on the part of Kernel p. h. Sibley to swap with Mr. Lawson or any body else who will swap any or all his fellow candidates. But, Kernel, it won't work, there is not a candidate on the Democratic ticket who will swap a single man on it. Poor old John A. Hiller is dead; you can't trade him off any more.

IT is not complimentary to the editor of the *Mail* to have a little daily printed in his office for the Republican party and edited by outsiders; but it is a smart financial move nevertheless, for thereby the said *Mail* man gets paid for the printing, has the mighty additional editorial talent furnished free, and besides all this will have the use of the same matter for his weekly, *gratis*—altogether worth several hundred dollars for the campaign.

THE little seven-by-nine quotes from the Grass Valley *Union* to prove that Glenn will not be sustained by the best elements of the Democratic party. But that remains to be seen. One thing is certain, however, (and that's what galls the little seven-by-nine,) which is, that he will get the votes of lots of old-line Republicans, notwithstanding the fact that he told them so distinctly that his administration should be in all respects Democratic.

JUDGE JOHNSON takes exception to the little "Campaign Song," if it is intended to apply to him, as he thinks it insinuates dishonesty on his part while Judge of this county. So far as we are concerned, we do not believe that Judge Johnson did a dishonest act while in the discharge of his duty as county Judge, or that any body else believes he did. It was only his political course that was referred to.

MEN who in their insatiable greed for office, take sides with every movement that springs up, cannot hope for a permanent recognition of the voters. They may for a time succeed in deluding the gullible public, but when the true inwardness of their motives becomes patent, men of principle will denounce them in unmistakable terms.

EVERYBODY knows that Glenn is a farmer, and with the farmers of the State demands that the Railroad Anaconda shall be forced to do justice by the people. Especially do the wheat raising farmers feel the necessity of enforcing equal and more reasonable rates of freight to the seaboard. Hence the farmers will vote for Glenn.

TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT.

M. C. WINCHESTER, . . . Editor.

All articles intended for this column must be sent to M. C. Winchester, Knights Landing, Yolo County, who has charge of the Temperance Department, by appointment of the Yolo County District Lodge I. O. G. T.

Treating Candidates.

"Quite a number of the Democratic nominees on the county ticket were present and improved the occasion to do a little carousing, in which they succeeded admirably, if the muddin condition in which they left a large portion of our doubtful voters, is reliable testimony."

So writes the Davisville correspondent of the DEMOCRAT. It is to be hoped that the correspondent drew entirely on his imagination when he penned that paragraph. If he did not, then the people of Yolo county should see that all such nominees are left at home in the coming election.

This monstrous evil is not confined to one party. All are guilty of it. Now the cause of this pernicious system rests with the people themselves, in their individual capacity. Has the time come when an American citizen can sink the partisan in the patriot? Has the time come when the voter can scratch the names off his party ticket, of all those who violate the laws of sobriety and good citizenship by resorting to the low custom of buying votes with whiskey and substitute those of the opposite party if they are free from this contemptible practice of treating till American citizenship lies prone in the gutter, a disgusting mass of drunken humanity?

It is not necessary that one should be a temperance man to do right, it is incumbent on all good citizens that the whiskey saloon, should be eliminated from and taken out of the highest act of citizenship—voting. The law prohibits the vocation of the saloon on election day for the public good. Now if it is good to let it alone for one day, why not for all? If it be necessary that men should be sober to exercise their judgment, why should they not be sober to make up that judgment?

However much excuse there may have been for candidates treating in the past there is none now; everything conduces to make us do better than those that have gone before us. We have their example, and what they did that was good we should retain, what is bad, we should discard.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us."

And if the candidates could see themselves as the sober portion of the community see them as they go from one whisky den to another they would quit from very shame. Good citizens every where! we appeal to you without distinction of party scratch the name of the candidate who patronizes the whisky saloon and no party will dare to nominate men of that stamp hereafter.

M. C. W.

Dr. Mintie's Nephreticum.

A compound fluid extract of Buchu, Dr. Mintie's Nephreticum, works wonders. All cases of Dropsy, Bright's Disease, Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Complaints, or retention of Urine, are entirely cured by the Nephreticum. Gravel, Diabetes, pain in the back, side and loin are cured when all medicines have failed. See what the Druggists of Portland and San Francisco say about Dr. Mintie's Nephreticum and English Dandelion Pills: "We have sold a large amount of Dr. Mintie's medicines; the English Dandelion Pills, also the Nephreticum, and in all cases they are highly spoken of and give entire satisfaction." John A. Childs, Druggist, second street, Portland. C. H. Woodward & Co., Druggists, corner First and Alder street, Portland. Messrs. Abrams & Carroll, wholesale Druggists, Nos. 3 and 5 Front street, San Francisco, say: "*We regard Nephreticum as the best Kidney and Bladder Remedy* before the public." All Druggists keep these medicines. For all derangements of the Liver, use Dr. Mintie's English Dandelion Pills. For Biliousness and Dyspepsia, use Dr. Mintie's English Dandelion Pills. For Fever and Ague, use Dr. Mintie's English Dandelion Pills. Every family should keep the English Dandelion Pills on hand. Dr. Mintie's remedies will not "Cure all Complaints," but will, if taken according to directions, give immediate relief and perfect a cure in all troubles for which they are recommended. Sold by Elston & White, Druggists. Je20dw

CANDIDATES.

DAVID N. HERSHEY,
DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE
FOR ASSEMBLYMAN.
jy24dw

J. O. MAXWELL,
DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE
FOR COUNTY RECORDER.
jy17dw

JOHN D. LAWSON,
DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE
FOR SHERIFF.
jy14dw

J. H. HARLAN,
DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE
FOR JOINT SENATOR
(YOLO AND SOLANO.) jy27dw

J. K. SMITH,
REPUBCICAN CANDIDATE
FOR COUNYT CLERK.
jy27dw

ELIAS PETERSON,
DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE
FOR JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
OF CACHE CREEK TOWNSHIP.

J. W. GOIN,
DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE
—FOR—
SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT.

A. C. KEAN,
DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE
FOR COUNTY TREASURER.
jy15dw*

E. R. BUSH,
DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE
FOR SUPERIOR JUDGE.
jy15dw

H. B. PENDEGAST,
DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE
FOR COUNTY CLERK.
je30dw

FRED. KLAYS,
DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE
FOR COUNTY ASSESSOR.
jy16dw*

SAMUEL MONTGOMERY,
DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE
—FOR—
Constable of Cache Creek Township. jy21dw

HUDSON GRANT,
DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE
FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY.
jy15dw

CHARLES LUNN,
Piano Maker and Tuner.

Is now in Woodland and will remain for a few days to wait upon those who desire his services. Leave orders at this office. jy29dw

BENOIT BROS.
Merchant Tailors,

Have just received a large and most elegant assortment of French, English, Scotch and Domestic Goods of the Newest Styles.

Gentlemen, before ordering elsewhere, you will do well to call and inspect. For elegance in
FIT AND WORKMANSHIP
We Defy Competition.
Suits made to Order at San Francisco Prices.

Suits.....$22 to $45.00
Pants.....4.50
Pants, French Doeskin.....11.00
Also, SHIRTS made to order.

BENOIT BROS.,
One door West of Postoffice, Woodland.
jeldw

Notice to Wood Contractors.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE Board of Supervisors of Yolo County, State of California, will receive Sealed Bids for Forty-five cords of four-foot Oak Wood, of good sound quality, for use at the Court House and County Hospital of said county. Bids will be received until MONDAY, AUGUST ELEVENTH, 1879, at One P.M. Said wood to be delivered within the time specified by the Board at the time of letting said contract, and to be corded upon the grounds of said Court House and Hospital.

The Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

Dated July 28th, 1879.

D. M. BURNS, Clerk.
jy31wtd By IGNACIO BROWN, Deputy Clerk.

MONEY TO LOAN ON WHEAT
—AT A—
Reasonable Rate of Interest.
GEO. D. FISKE.
July 24th, 1879. [jy25dw2w] P. O. BLOCK.

NEW GOODS RECEIVED
FROM AUCTION EVERY WEEK.

Just Arrived: A Full Line of
LADIES', MISSES' & CHILDREN'S
SHOES
At Lower Prices Than Ever!
AT THE GREAT WESTERN
BANKRUPT STORE,
OPPOSITE POSTOFFICE, - WOODLAND
jy25

Announcement
.....TO THE.....
People of Yolo and Neighboring Counties:

The undersigned takes pleasure in announcing that

THE PUGET SOUND
LUMBER CO.
HAS PURCHASED OF
GEO. D. FISKE & CO.
.....THE.....
DEPOT LUMBER YARD
AT WOODLAND,
And will immediately re-stock it with a
LARGE & VARIED ASSORTMENT
.....OF.....
Oregon Pine, Sugar Pine
.....AND.....
REDWOOD LUMBER,
DOORS,
WINDOWS,
BLINDS,
FINE HAIR,
PLASTER,
CEMENT, ETC.

LUMBER SAWED TO ORDER
.....AND.....
FURNISHED PER CARGO.

☞ This Company owning its Mills and Vessels, brings its Lumber direct to the Railroad at Vallejo, and is therefore enabled to sell at Cheaper Rates than heretofore offered to the people of this vicinity, and persons wanting a bill of Lumber will certainly make a great mistake if they do not call on this firm before making their purchases.

A. POWELL,
Manager Puget Sound Lumber Co.

Yards at Woodland, Willows, South Vallejo, and Agencies at all other important towns.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, SOUTH VALLEJO.
jy1dw

100,000 CASES
—OF—
SIMMONDS'S
NABOB WHISKY
Sold on the Pacific Coast during the year 1878.

☞ It is A GREAT REMEDY, strongly recommended by the Medical Faculty for all cases of

Nervousness,	Weakness,	Debility,
Dyspepsia,	Indigestion,	Chills,
Fever,	Etc.,	Etc.

Consumers are referred to the following extract, from the report of an eminent Public Analyst:

This is a pure barley and wheat spirit, remarkable in fragrant ethers, which impart a delicate aroma, at the same time greatly increasing its value as a defusive stimulant. The solid residue contains a large amount of tannin, derived from storing in oak casks which imparts to fine old whisky one of its valuable individual qualities. The amount of the residue proves the whisky to be free from the excessive coloring and sweetening so generally used in adulterating. In fact in two words, Simmonds's Nabob is the PUREST WHISKY, and will not only suppl a public want, now that whiskies are so generally adulterated, but will be of the greatest value to the physician in those numerous cases where pure whiskies are the most useful of all medicines. C. COOKE, M. D.

None genuine without the name "G. Simmonds" across the cork.

WHITTEMORE & HIGGINSON,
SOLE AGENTS FOR WOODLAND
AND YOLO COUNTY, CAL.
je19dw3m

Democrats
And Republicans!

This is no Party matter,
—BUT A—
Dissolution of Partnership!

THE FIRM OF
GOSLINER & CO.,
—OF THE—
GREAT
San Francisco
Auction Store!

Will be dissolved on account of the ill health of one of the firm; therefore we will from this date offer

AT A GREAT SACRIFICE,

OUR IMMENSE STOCK OF
DRY GOODS,
FANCY GOODS,
Boots & Shoes,
CLOTHING,
NOTIONS,

And Everything appertaining to a First-Class Store, at a Great Reduction.

FOR CASH ONLY!

Therefore you should take advantage of the same, as it is BUT TEMPORARY. Cash is what we want and must have. Our goods will be sold for Cash only.

NOTICE.

☞ We take this opportunity of respectfully informing all persons who are indebted to the GREAT SAN FRANCISCO AUCTION STORE, next door to the Bank of Woodland, that they are requested to call and settle their accounts immediately, as we will, for the short period the firm of GOSLINER & CO. will remain in existence, sell cheap for cash only.

It would be impossible for us to enumerate our thousands of articles with prices attached to them. All we ask is that you will call at

The San Francisco
AUCTION STORE
And Judge for Yourselves!

REMEMBER THE PLACE:
The Great San Francisco Auction Store,
NEXT DOOR TO BANK OF WOODLAND
GOSLINER & CO.
jy26dw

The Yolo Democrat

Thursday, July 31st, 1879.

Geo. M. Merr is the authorized agent of this paper in Sacramento for soliciting advertisements and subscriptions, collecting bills, etc.

Every letter or communication to the DEMOCRAT *should bear the name of the author, not necessarily for publication, but as a guaranty of good faith.*

Town and County Matters

Our Heavy Taxpayers.

Below we give a list of the taxpayers in Yolo County paying on assessments of over $10,000 each. We give them alphabetically as they appear on the roll:

Alexander, A	$17,075
Archer, Daniel	10,649
Allen & Sims, Assignees	11,880
Allen, Elizabeth	12,070
Allen, J G	14,350
Armstrong & Hall	24,000
Backer, E M	13,905
Adams, D O	50,640
Anderson, P H	12,136
Adams, L B	15,379
Barns, D M	10,450
Bank of Woodland	47,800
Bullock, J P	11,571
Beamer, R L	29,325
Beard, P L, James & Joseph	20,000
Blowers, R B	22,444
Barnes, F J	11,565
Bonynge, Mrs Rhoda S	41,417
Bauer Robert	10,160
Briggs, J B	87,593
Browning, W Y	15,380
Browning, R W	21,180
Bennett, C M	10,312
Bullard, Franklin	34,039
Brown, Jackson	12,23[illegible]
Bryte, Mike	26,957
Brown, J W	34,417
Bemerly, heirs of Michael	88,046
Bandy, James W	26,726
Byrns, John	25,547
Barnes, S P	20,690
Bingham, A	13,983
Beemerly, Mrs A	58,[illegible]43
Clark, Jesse	21,845
Cook, J J	11,[illegible]99
Clinton, D K	30,125
Charmak & Levy	11,380
Clarmak, Jno M	11,880
Campbell, W J heirs of	18,221
Cadenesso, G	10,240
Chapman, Geo W	45,682
Cannedy, W J	12,039
Covell, Calvin	15,561
Cailes, J W	20,05[illegible]
Cailes, James F & W D	34,756
Coil, Charles	54,057
Cal Q S Mining Co	41,745
Carey, John T	24,270
Carey, R S	25,482
Cowles, Nathan, Wm Gordon, Jr, and Joseph Gordon, heirs of	59,740
Campbell, Bazil	31,855
Curtis, W C	25,400
Clark, W J	25,705
Clausen, H A	10,469
Copp, John E	14,800
Cal Pacific R R Co	258,575
Douglas, James A	10,[illegible]62
Drummond, L C	13,745
Dennis, Ben heirs of	24,180
Davis, C H	18,[illegible]00
Demeron, M	15,589
Dexter, Lorenzo	13,755
Devilbiss, Jno A	11,844
Devilbiss, John	10,448
Day, Chas G	10,371
Dutton, J M	41,575
Duncan, W H & W G	18,110
Diggs & Sutton	10,634
Dunnigan, A W	11,246
Enos, S M & Son	20,268
Everett, P G	28,499
Ely, Benjamin, Sen	56,291
Edwards, D P	10,595
Earle, H P	14,580
Eustis, E B & Jubo	11,286
Ely, J H Jr	24,730
Freeman, F S	23,139
Freeman, J W	13,853
Freeman, F S & J W	44,580
Fitz, Keube	12,845
Fenner, P C	10,175
Fisher, Daniel	12,740
Fisher, Mrs Arabella	10,415
Fredricks, H	36,578
Fox, C W	10,560
Foster, John	13,795
Flournoy, W S	10,161
Fairchild, Hyman	10,000
Gary, Geo G	10,215
Gates, W R	25,615
Gibson, Wm B	44,945
Goodnow, John P	14,571
Gilloy, John	14,479
Guthrie, T W	12,685
Griffin, Joseph	28,280
Grayson, N	23,860
Garner, Jacob	10,145
Gilmore, Jas	13,708
Glide, J H	16,073
Garnett, L A	15,805
Green, J B	14,208
Garnutte, J M	12,405
Gaddis, A W & H C	58,[illegible]86
Gordon, E E	18,090
Green, Jay	14,097
Glasscock, George	20,289
Hall, J H heirs of	10,100
Hunt, W G	40,095
Henton, Mrs Rhoda and Mrs Jeanette E Merritt	34,700
Haines, Samuel	16,845
Hollingsworth, John	22,195
Hunt, John	11,405
Hodgdon, Wadsworth	10,005
Hurlbut, D B	25,041
Hambleton, J W	18,196
Hayes, Wm	15,779
Hill, Stephen	17,514
Hill, H A F S, G W & J H	15,120
Harlan, J H	62,929
Heinz, Lorenz	11,115
Hext, Richard & Thomas	39,406
Harmel, Henry	28,789
Hauger, George	62,200
Hubbard, Chauncey	12,097
Harms & Palm	11,545
Hoppin, T C	73,781
Hannum, W W	14,350
Hatcher, Wm	11,684
Harley, Silas	13,988
Hamilton, D	11,565
Hershey, D N	111,066
Jackson, W M heirs of	29,125
Jackson, J P	13,120
Jones, John R	10,965
Johnson, H F	10,690
Kinenelee, Z B & P L	27,075
Keethly, John	16,465
Kach, Rudolph	12,953
Lowe, E R	97,574
Langenour & Grownell	16,676
Langenour, J D	35,634
Leman, Michael	18,545
LaRue, H M	62,035
Langenour, Thomas F	59,498
Leatners, John A	14,859
Montgomery, Alexander	15,145
Martin, George C	12,255
Merritt, A A	31,891
Marden, W R	15,165
Mitchell, H R & others	21,745
McHenry, James	23,880
Moore, Robert E	16,668
McFadyen, J W	14,060
Maxwell, J O	11,395
Morris, Levi	17,850
Moore, James	10,230
Miller, Hartman	21,585
Marshall, Andrew	19,006
Miner, N	10,180
Meyer, Frank	21,525
McClure, Judah	10,845
Melvin, Joseph	66,636
Merritt, D V	11,020
Mitchell, E S	10,928
Martin, Thos A	15,725
Montgomery, W W	20,324
Miller, E H Jr	23,622
Mills, Edgar & G W Colby	16,176
McLaughlin, Charles	15,340
Mering, S N	10,135
McCullough, William	15,571
Marston, H F	30,395
Miller, Fredrick	20,290
Morris, A W	10,801
McClintic, J P	18,130
Nickelsburg, A	22,400
Nelson, Camillus	11,815
Nixon, A H	127,520
Northern R R Co	10,500
Overhauser, William	10,935
Ogden, A J	17,285
Oakshade Fruit Company	11,080
Prior, T M	21,450
Porter, A D	18,125
Peart, Benjamin	30,160
Pierce, George W	11,656
Parish, Barnard	26,512
Rhodes, John M	10,685
Ruggles, Mrs Luna	13,[illegible]5
Reed, C W	10,145
Rudolph, Godfrey	13,951
Robinson, Daniel, heirs of	18,986
Russell, F E	24,914
Richie, John	16,735
Root, James	27,615
Reed, Chas F	15,746
Robinson, A T	13,484
Roberts, Robert	16,045
Stephens, John D	12,790
Schurley, John	10,885
Shellhammer, U	10,055
Strong, Anderson	19,790
Stephens, L D & J J	95,570
Stephens, J D & G D	13,375
Steiner, A J	13,964
Shepherd, S W heirs of	16,088
Stephens, B W	16,[illegible]72
Scott, George W	$61,472
Sims, William	13,535
Stripple, Henry	17,694
Swingle, George H	40,335
Sacramento Valley Rec Co	10,735
St Louis, Edward	19,157
Schleiman, Ferdinand	11,200
Tackney, John	14,260
Taylor, John E	11,290
Todhunter, W B	11,760
Tauzer, Albert	11,176
Tide Land Rec Company	10,468
Trumpler, Lewis	10,871
Tibbs, L E	41,575
V V & Clear Lake Company	18,110
Watkins, Jason	11,275
Wyckoff, N	13,541
Winter, John	72,590
Wilcoxson, J & Jas Farls	13,155
Winters, Theodore	12,361
Wilger, Fred	12,981
Williams, Thomas H	15,560
Wilcoxson, Jefferson	11,916
Wilcoxson, Jackson	11,740
Welch, Henry	41,842
Woodward, George W	21,129
Woodward, W W	18,132
Wohlfrom, John	13,724
Zimmerman, J A	

Campaign Song.

When I was young I filled the chair
Of Judgeship—being appointed there—
I filled the chair so faithfully
The people all abandoned me.
Chorus—I filled the chair so faithfully,
The people all abandoned me.

I tried the Pubs with all my skill,
And thought to get an office still;
I worked so hard their ouief to be,
Even the Pubs abandoned me.

When next I sought the goal to win
I joined the ranks of Workingmen;
For office I worked with a will so free,
The Kearneyites all abandoned me.

Determined to win—my mind to ease—
I've cast my lot with the great H. B's,
And next September a Judge I'll be
If they're too blind to drop on me.

The Facts in the Case.

Our pea-nut contemporary attacks D. N. Hershey on the ground that he rents property in Cacheville to Chinese, omitting to state, however, that said property is untenable by any other class of people, and has been occupied exclusively for years by Mongolians. When the people of Cacheville proposed renting the property for the purpose of excluding the Chinese, Mr. Hershey readily assented and the building was empty as long as the rent was paid, and until other parties offered to erect buildings to be used as Chinese laundries. This of course released Mr. Hershey from the compact, and he was perfectly at liberty to act in the matter as he saw fit. Rather than leave the property vacant and unprofitable, inasmuch as the Chinese were to be provided with quarters by some means, Mr. Hershey again permitted the former occupants to take possession of the building, as any other man would have done under the circumstances. As to the destitute families in Cacheville, if there are any, and the presence of the Chinese is the cause, then the people of that town are responsible for such a state of affairs. If they prefer Chinese to white labor, then Mr. Hershey has only gratified their wishes by adopting the course described. The fact is, Mr. Hershey showed a very benevolent disposition in expelling the Mongols in the first place, and had not other parties threatened to take advantage of his magnanimity, which threat caused the people of Cacheville to refuse to pay the small rent of $6 per month, there would not be a Chinaman in Cacheville to-day. It is well that the facts be known whether they figure in the case or not.

District Court—Deason, Judge.

Harlan vs. Ely—tried and submitted.

Sac. Valley Rec. Co. vs. Henry E. Cook—tried and submitted.

People vs. George Hatcher—judgment entered and order filed.

People vs. Strobridge—same order.

People vs. J. E. Copp—same order.

People vs. H. E. Cook—same order.

Hendricks vs. Strobridge—motion for new trial denied, and stay of execution for 20 days granted.

Naturalization of Chas. Finley granted on the testimony of J. E. Maltby and Thomas Peckman.

Alice Campbell vs. J. G. Campbell—decree of divorce granted.

Well Regulated.

While in the Assessor's office Thursday, examining the assessment roll of Yolo County, our admiration was excited by the neat and skillful manner in which the records of that office have been kept under the directions of the present incumbent, R. H. Beamer, who has just completed this year's assessment. The roll is in ship-shape and in point of beauty and cleanliness reflects the highest credit on the retiring Assessor, who has used every effort to go out of office with a commendable record. We feel safe in saying that no Assessor has ever vacated this office with as many honors to follow him, and we take pleasure in saying the official career of Mr. Beamer has been marked with energy, dilligence and ability.

Wealth of Yolo County.

Below we give the amount of taxable property in Yolo county, as taken from the assessment roll, just completed:

Real Estate Other Than City and Town Lots	$6,813 686 00
Improvements on the same	623,715 00
City and Town Lots	412,168 00
Improvements on the same	679,570 00
Improvements on all Property Assessed to Others than the Owners of Real Estate	27,825 00
Personal Property and Money	1,360,633 00
Total	$9,911,597 00

The number of acres of land in the county outside of town and city lots, is 547,365, and the average value per acre is $12.45.

List of Unclaimed Letters

Remaining in the Postoffice at Woodland, Yolo Co., Cal., July 28th, 1879.

Babel, Pauline	Jacobs, Marcus
Bentila, Tobias	Inaram, J T
Braden, J V	Lawson, Erik
Babcock, W W	Mathews, Matty
Chaney, E W	McLean, D H
Dollarhide, Edward	McNutt, Nathan—4
Dentwiler, T S	Parrott, John M—3
De Lorme, Mr.	Pazzesse, Emilia
Donnell, O John	Riley, Eday
Edwards, James	Semter, Fred
Freeborn, William	Sullivan, Jno L—2
Gould, N F	Steinmann, W
Harris, Jay H	Sutherland, Alice
Jordan, Mike	Ward, T V

Persons calling for the above letters will please say "advertised."

L. WALKER, P.M.

County Court—Bush, Judge.

July 16.—Case of Elizabeth Allen vs. J. G. Allen—Judgment ordered in favor of plaintiff for $207 and costs.

Fortier vs. St. Louis—Judgment ordered in favor of plaintiff for $65 and costs.

In the matter of the application of Edward Selma for writ of habeas corpus, application denied and prisoner remanded to the custody of the Sheriff.

Allen Case—Stay of 20 days.

Court adjourned.

Serious Accident.

While a man by the name of John Sloven who is employed on a ranch in Hungry Hollow was returning home from Madison last Sunday night, the horse which he was riding became frightened, throwing the rider and inflicting a serious wound on his person. He was not discovered until the next day, not being able to walk, when he was taken home, where medical treatment was had. Although his injuries are serious he will probably recover.

Palace Restaurant for Sale.

On account of the death of my husband and a desire to withdraw from the business, I offer the old established and well known Palace Restaurant, which is doing a well paying business, for sale, containing twelve furnished rooms and everything in good order.

jy5dw MRS. M. DAVIDSON.

History of the Churches of Yolo County.

By Col. F. T. Gilbert, Historian for DePue & Co.

Among the masses who, from the human storehouses of the world, found themselves strangers on the Pacific Coast, in those "days of '49," striving to wrest from Nature's secret places her hidden wealth, came also the followers of Him that was a Nazarene, who were not seeking before all else the treasures found at Coloma, or the reward that came from the approval of man. They were a small band, a forlorn hope, the advance guard of God's great army. They came to raise their Master's standard among a people that had apparently forgotten, as they fell down before Aaron's image, that there was aught else in all the universe save the Golden Calf to worship. They were but a handfull among a host, a few devoted men, those pioneer preachers that came, some sent by denominations, more upon their own responsibility to try and stem the tide of evil acts and influences that had bound in shackles of iron the desires, the will and the impulses of men.

It will be difficult in the years that lie beyond us, for the reader to comprehend the strange mixture that entered into the worship of God, among the pioneers of California, and to realize the scenes that were enacted among their own ancestry, and by them. "Put me down as a prospector of that gulch, parson; it beats h—l out of these 'ere diggings for a home stake," was the response of a listener to the exhortations of one of those preachers, who was calling upon his audience to "flee from the wrath to come," and enlarging upon the rewards and inducements for the believer and the benefits that would fall to the lot of him who was found recorded in the Book of Life; as such would be permitted to walk through the gates of pearl into the streets of the new Jerusalem that were paved *with gold*. It is difficult to realize, even now that but thirty years have passed since a minister of the gospel, Rev. James Woods, in Stockton, Cal., was obliged to live with his family in a gambling house, separated from the gambling tables only by a thin partition, occasionally having his devotions punctuated by the crack of the deadly revolver as some gambler entered upon the war-path. As we go into a modern edifice where the people meet and listen to divine services, can we of 1879 fully appreciate the position or act of a blacksmith who vacated the front half of his shop that it might be occupied for Sunday preaching, while he plied his vocation in the other half, that was divided from the congregation only by a cloth screen. A strange medley, that, for the recording angel: the exhortation of the minister for his hearers to remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy, mingled with the sharp, ringing notes from the anvil as the smith forged the shoes for a horse he was shoeing at the time. Will it be entered to his credit in the final reckoning, that he received $32 for shoeing that horse? There are now in California gilded temples, where eloquent divines preach to fashionable suits of clothing that cost thousands of shekels; places where if by accident Christ should enter he would be shown a seat near the door, if he escaped being summarily thrust out. The temporary occupants of these elegant suits of garments would find it very hard to conceive, even now, that a minister preached a telling and spirited sermon to a congregation that were seated upon whisky barrels, in a wholesale liquor store in Stockton, in 1849, and that his hearers listened with greater respect and interest to the Word preached that day, than do the golden calves of 1879, who on Sunday congregate at the crystal palaces to worship their own images and listen to precepts from the pulpit which they are fully persuaded are excellent in theory and to be applied and practiced by *their friends*.

There has been no place in the world where in the same length of time the Christian religion has worked so complete a transformation in the moral status of a people as has been accomplished through that agency in California in the last 30 years; and it is due to the men who were pioneers in the work that their names should be preserved. There were a few of those ministers who found their way into Yolo county, but of the incidents that attended their early efforts, nothing has come to our knowledge yet. Is there not some one that can give the seeming lost record, that can give a name or a part of the full name, or incident that will help to complete the early history of the church or its ministers in Yolo county?

We will give the facts that have been obtained, trusting that they will be read by some one that can fill up the blank and by calling at the office of De Pue & Co. in Woodland, or by letter do so.

The *Western Shore Gazetteer* says that a Cumberland Presbyterian preached regularly for several weeks at Fremont in ——year, and Mr. H. B. Wood of Woodland says: "I remember that my partner and myself erected a store in Fremont that was finished about October 1st, 1849. This was the first frame building erected in the place and that some one preached a sermon in it immediately after it was finished, and that the sermon then preached was the first religious service in Fremont." The *Gazetteer* further reads that "The first regular church was established by Rev. Isaac Owen, a missionary preacher from Indiana." The writer had reference to Fremont as the locality, but gives no further information on the point. *Who will give us further light?* These are the first foot prints of the advance guard, and nothing further appears until in 1850. An old man, a pioneer of 1849, Uncle John Morris, remembers that in the Fall of 1850 a minister by the name of Ish came to his place when he was living on the south side of Cache Creek and expressed a desire to hold religious service in his house on that day, (Sunday), and asked the advice of Uncle John as to the most effectual mode of giving out so short a notice. The result was that they together went down to the race track just below Cacheville on the south side of the creek, where a horse race was about to take place, and gave out the notice there, and after the more important matter of who had the fastest animal was decided, the spectators adjourned to Uncle John's residence, where about 30 persons listened to what they supposed to be the first sermon preached in the county. Uncle John says: "I remember distinctly that it was remarked at the time that it was the first." Rev. ——Ish was a Presbyterian, a man that looked on the bright side of life, had a smile and a jolly word for all; would give and take a joke, and was well calculated to make headway among men found upon the frontier. His headquarters was with Uncle John and he was the only preacher in the county until about the Spring of 1852. J. W. Calles and J. J. Welch think they remember hearing him preach that Spring. Then came —— Fulton, a member of the M. E. Church South, and ——Staul or Stahl, sent by the Northern Methodists. There was one by the name of Gray, another named Yager, who it is remembered preached at the house of A. Jese, and still another, a young man by the name of —— Benham, just from the States, who was drowned in Cache Creek in March, 1854. Can no one give us the first names of these men and something more concerning them.

To A. Griffith of Cacheville we are indebted for the following account of the drowning of Rev. — Benham:

COL. GILBERT—Dear Sir: I charge you with the loss of one night's sleep, for I woke up in the night thinking of our conversation yesterday when other points came crowding in upon me that I had failed to mention to you, which I will give you for what they are worth. In the winter of 1852-3 a young man by the name of Benham was sent to California by the M. E. Church from Brooklyn, N Y., and came to this county sometime in the Spring of 1853. One evening about the last of March he crossed the Creek at this place to stay with John T. Lewis (who lived in the house formerly occupied by Parish & Tyler.) It had been raining, but the creek could be forded on the evening he crossed to our side, but during the night it had risen and was swimming. I saw Benham pass our house toward the ford, but not thinking that he would attempt to cross did not tell him to the contrary, but supposed he was going to the creek to water his horse. But in a few minutes after he passed I heard shouting and went to the door and saw the men from the blacksmith shop standing on the bank of the creek, when I with others ran to see what the matter was. We saw the horse that Benham rode swimming in the creek. When he entered the stream and found it swimming, it seemed that he was alarmed and held his bridle rein so tight that it was very difficult for the horse to swim, but the animal had struck shore on the opposite side and was attempting to get up the bank and the men at the blacksmith shop were watching him and saw what the matter was and called to him to let the bridle go. That seemed to alarm him the more, causing him to pull tighter on the rein; this forced the animal back into the stream, and Benham slipped from the saddle and never was again seen alive. He had on at the time a heavy rubber coat. He was found about the first of May by J. W. Childs and J. M. Harbin about three miles below, buried in the sand near what is known as the Harbin Crossing. The stump of an arm protruding out of the sand with the hand gone, led to the discovery of the body.

* * * * A. GRIFFITH.

Rev. O. C. Wheeler, a Baptist minister is said to have preached at Washington in 1850. He is now the General Baggage Agent for the C. P. R. R. Co.

The first denomination to organize in this county of which there is any record, was the "Church of Christ," in the fall of 1854. In the spring of that year, notices calling a meeting were posted in a few conspicuous points in the county designating as the place for congregating, a certain large oak tree in a grove near the Shellhammer ranch, where the "wandering preacher" would preside. No name was attached to the call and the result was that curiosity arrested the attention and attracted to the primitive church an audience that came to find out who the "Wanderer" was. They waited in expectation for some time and no one stepped to the front. They began to fear a practical joke had been played on them, when one of the spectators, a medium sized, square shouldered, grey eyed man, middle aged, active and quick of motion, with black hair and plainly dressed a total stranger to them all, arose and announced himself as the one referred to in the notice. He proceeded to deliver them a discourse that made itself felt among his auditors and left its impress there. It was the beginning of the Christian Church movement in this county, "and the end is not yet." It was a stone cast into the sea creating ripples, which moving out further and further, will eventually reach the most distant shore. At the close of the sermon the assemblage was astonished to see the familiar, hairless head of neighbor Joshua Lawson gradually emerge from the shadowing folds of a black wig that had disguised the "Wandering Preacher."

This was the first, followed by one other service held in the same place, and then the meetings were in the old school house, the first building west of the tules in the county. It was located a little north of what is now Woodland. As before stated the church dates from the Fall of 1854, and Joshua Lawson became the organizer and first minister. The first officers elected were Joshua Lawson, J. G. Welch, Elders, and Downing Lamb, Deacon.

In the Fall of 1855 the Union Church was erected by the co-operation of all denominations, to be free to any Christian order. It was on the grounds of the present Woodland Cemetery and after its completion services of the Church of Christ were held there, until in the Fall of 1868, when they first occupied their present structure on Railroad St. This Church cost about $7,000. They have now not far from 300 members and at one time they had 350, but many have withdrawn to connect themselves with congregations of the same order in other localities. The ministers since Father Law son, have been J. N. Pendegast, J. D. Wilmott, B. H. Smith, I. N. Hodgen and B. C. Lawson. The present Church officers are J. C. Welch, B. C. Lawson, Jesse Clark, I. N. Hodgen, Daniel Hubbard, Elders; and W. H. Welch, U. Shellhammer, Henry Fern and J. I. Eaton, Deacons. There is at present a Sunday school with seventy-five scholars, over whom presides as Superintendent, Clay Edwards.

CHURCH OF CHRIST AT WINTERS.

The first minister of any denomination to preach in the village of Winters was Rev. S. B. Dunton, who delivered a sermon in the Mansfield Hall in that place in August, 1875. At that time the M. E. Church South and the Cumberland Presbyterians were holding services at the Wolfskill school house, on the south side of Putah Creek, and soon after this commenced holding their meetings at Winters. In the Fall of 1876 a Church organization was perfected under the name of "The First Christian Church," with S. B. Dunten, Benjamin Ely and C. H. Wolfe for Elders, and H. M. Hord, John Briggs, John Devilbiss and E. J. Bray for Deacons. The same parties are the present church officers, and Rev. S. B. Dunton has been their minister until the present time. In the Fall of 1877 a church building was erected in Winters by their order at a cost of $2,700. It is a fine building for a town the size of Winters and is a credit both to the projectors and village. It is 30 feet by 60 and of a mixed style of architicture known both as Italian and Doric. It is situated on Main street in the western part of town. There are 65 church members at present, and a Sabbath School with from 30 to 50 scholars, with C. H. Wolfe as Superintendent.

There are Churches of this denomination at Madison and Knights Landing that have sent us no report.

METHODIST CHURCHES.

Methodism dates from 1739, when the brothers John and Charles Wesley, associated with Charles Whitfield, became the founders of the Methodist denomination in England. The name was given them because of their strict method of observing the ritual of the Episcopal Church, and when they were finally excluded from that denomination the name followed them, although there was less of form or method in their new organization than in any other at the time. Methodism is the offshoot of the Church of England, the primitive order being the Wesleyan Methodist. Then came the Calvinistic secession from it, followed by other withdrawals until twenty-eight different Methodist denominations had their separate name and existence. A few of them consolidated, and the general tendency of their variously named orders is toward consolidation at the present time.

An Irishman named Philip Embary came to New York in 1766 and commenced holding services that resulted in the organization of the first Methodist congregation in America. They built a Church in that city in 1768, the first building erected in the Western Hemisphere by the Methodist denomination as a place of worship, and was called the "Johns Street Chapel." The American order was called the "Methodist Episcopal Church," and in 1844 that part of it located in the slave States withdrew, organizing the following year at Louisville, K. Y., and calling themselves the "M. E. Church South." The new organization drew from the old 462,428 of its members, and in 1874 the number had increased to 712,765. It is estimated that there were, in the world in 1876, 4,000,000 Methodist Communicants, of whom 2,591,875 were in North America, mostly in the United States.

THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF YOLO COUNTY.

In Yolo County in 1855, Rev. J. N. Burton, who at that time was a local preacher, traveled the Cacheville circuit. This included Prairie Seminary, Cacheville, Knights Landing and Woodland, then known as Yolo City; but there had been no appointment made by the California Conference up to that time, and none was made until 1856, when Randolph Hobart was selected. He continued preaching for two years, and was succeeded by R. R. Dunlap, who at the end of two terms was followed by H. J. Bland and B. F. Meyers, each of whom preached one year. In 1862 J. S. Corwin was sent to Yolo county, and a lot was secured in Woodland that year, on Court St. between 3d and 4th, where a stone house was erected for a parsonage. Mr. Corwin remained one year and was the Pastor, who wound up the affairs of the old circuit. A new one was created with the Prairie Seminary left out. This lasted until 1871, when the circuit was again changed, leaving Woodland out and adding in its place Prairie Seminary. In 1878 another change occurred, and the circut became Cacheville and Madison.

WOODLAND M. E. CHURCH.

The M. E. Church or Class was organized in Yolo City, now Woodland, in 1856, and remained a part of the Cacheville circuit until 1864, Rev. J. N. Burton being its first local resident Pastor. He died during the term, the unexpired portion of which was filled by V. Hightmyer. Next followed W. N. Smith in 1864, during whose term the Woodland Methodists became possessed of a Church of their own at a cost of $125, the first in the county owned exclusively by the denomination. The building had been previously used as a Court house by the County, and is now converted into a bakery and occupied by Otto Schluer. Previous to 1864 their services had been held in the Pioneer Church of Yolo county—the Union building erected in 1855 on the grounds now occupied as a cemetery. In 1866 Rev. Philetus Grove was stationed at Woodland, and during that year their present brick Church on Main Street was erected. Since Mr. Grove's term the successive ministers have been: W. C. Curry, 3 years; W. C. Damon, 1 year; R. W. Williamson, 1 year; W. S. Urmy, 1 year; A. R. Sheriff, 1 year; James Burns, 2 years; W. C. Curry, 3 years; E. W. Stuart, present.

The officers elected at the original organization in 1858 were L. B. Ruggles, Wm. Hatcher and Chauncey Hubbard. At present they are D. Fisher, C. C. Scott, J. J. Cook, Theodore Dopking, Daniel Farnham, Mrs. J. Garoutte, Mrs. C. S. Frost and H. P. Martin. At one time there were 95 members, but owing to withdrawals of parties who wished to attach themselves to Classes or Churches, in other and adjacent villages in the county, the number has diminished to 65. There is a Sunday School connected with the Church, having about 100 scholars, Prof. Frank Pedler being the Superintendent.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Is your name on the Great Register? If not, attend to it at once.

Keep cool by drinking Arctic Soda at Elston's Drug Store.

D. M. Burns spoke in Sacramento Friday night with ex-Governor Woods.

It is generally remarked that Jno. E. Maltby has filled the office of Sheriff with distinguished ability.

Just try one of Corb. Barr's Pineapple Cocktails—the best in town.

H. P. Hart, of the State Engineering Corps, passed through Woodland for Knights Landing Saturday night.

Camelline, and all Cuticura Preparations at Elston's Drug Store.

State Controller, W. B. C. Brown, is announced to address the people of Woodland Monday evening, August 11th.

Persons desiring to borrow money on wheat at a low rate of interest are referred to an advertisement in this paper.

In another column we publish a list of the largest tax payers of Yolo county. Not many counties in the State can make a better showing.

The law requires that brands, to be proof of property, must be duly recorded. Stockmen should bear this in mind and record their brands at once.

A fine breech loading laminated steel shot gun, originally cost $95, for $35, at Uncle Harris', 221 Kearny street, between Bush and Sutter, San Francisco.

"Thrice was it offered," but unlike his great Roman exemplar, he refused it nary time, but turned on his party and is now trying for the fourth.

The services of the Catholic Church will be held at the Union School House, between Madison and Winters on next Sunday, August 3d, at 8 o'clock A.M.

Since the *Mail* has shown a disposition to defeat the Republican ticket, that party has found it necessary to issue a campaign sheet, to be edited by one of their own choosing.

The Vaca Valley Railroad Company are again talking of extending their road to Lake county, but now have their ideas fixed on Cache Creek Cañon instead of Putah Creek Cañon.

Friday night last the hardware store of H. B. Wood was burglarized, the thieves entering through the sky-light by means of a rope. Two or three revollers were taken, together with cutlery, etc., amounting to about $50.

D. N. Hershey was in town Tuesday, and denies any previous knowledge of the Chinese again occupying his building in Cacheville. When admitted the last time it was done through his agent, J. H. Murphy, without his knowledge.

The Thirteenth Annual Exhibition of the Sonoma and Marin District Agricultural Society will be held at Petaluma from September 30th to October 4th, inclusive. The District comprises the counties of Sonoma, Marin, Napa, Solano, Lake and Yolo.

Venus may now be seen during the greater part of the day with the naked eye, as that planet is particularly bright at present. It is located just above the sun's disc, and seen through a telescope presents the form of a half dollar cut in two through the middle.

The *Mail* says Judge Bush takes the "trouble to write his charge [to the jury] very carefully. Although we know Judge Bush to be a man who moves with the utmost caution and discretion, we scarcely expected to hear him spoken of in such high terms from that source.

A gentleman who has traveled over the greater portion of the county in the last few days, says it is very evident the New Party move is rapidly going back. He gives it as his honest belief that the "Foxtails" cannot marshal up a corporal's guard by the day of election.

The New Constitution party on Saturday nominated, at Blacks, D. W. Edson, a staunch old Democrat, of Knights Landing, for Supervisor of that District. The Democrats also held a Convention at the same place for the same purpose, but for some reason adjourned over for one week without nominating.

Deputy Sheriff Jas. T. Wells, of Solano, brought up from Suisun Friday night and lodged in jail the Chinaman who was sentenced from Winters to 95 days, and who escaped the first of May, having served out one month's time. He will now be required to serve the remainder of his time in the chain gang.

The *Mail* argues at length to prove that its candidate for Superior Judge is physically able to execute the duties of that office if elected. It is not pleasant to us to make the objection, but it is generally talked nevertheless, that Mr. Sibley is not constitutionally able to perform the arduous labors connected with that office.

The DAILY DEMOCRAT will be furnished to new subscribers through the postoffice for the campaign—to and including Sept. 5th, two days after the election, and covering nearly six weeks—to any postoffice in the county, for 50 cents in advance. The Weekly edition will be sent to new subscribers, to and including Sept. 9th, for 30 cents in advance.

Surveyor-General Wm. Minis was in Woodland last week looking hale and hearty, and in no way affected by the arduous labors of his office. The General is a candidate for re-election on the Democratic State ticket, and we hope he may be able to continue his official career another term at least, for he has given very general satisfaction in that office.

A gentleman who has been in every town of any importance in the State the last few months, pays Woodland a compliment by saying it is the most orderly and peaceful town of its size he has ever seen. He expresses much surprise and admiration at our quiet streets and Christian people. This we consider, coming from a strictly reliable source, is a compliment to our people worthy to be appreciated.

John McAdams, who was found shot through the head near Davisville, a few days since, was brought to Woodland on Tuesday by Constable Morgan and placed in the Hospital. Although he is able to talk quite rationally he refuses to disclose anything that will lead to the discovery of the party or parties that perpetrated the deed. He is likely to recover, although his case is considered by the physicians a miraculous one.

Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco.

Eld. J. N. Pendegast is seriously ill.

Read the notice of Mr. Lunn, piano tuner, etc.

Compare this paper with any other published in the interior.

There is a bat at Harry Deaner's, recently caught, that is an object of interest and worth seeing.

Read the new card of Benoit Bros., fashionable tailors. They perform all they promise.

The grain market is growing firmer. Wheat was yesterday selling for $1.55 to $1.60, according to grade.

The *Republican* says Johnson has turned out a bushwhacker. You are wrong there; he's going to be Bush-whacked.

The Republican Club rooms are adorned with an ensign bearing the inscription, "Young Men's Perkins Club."

The railroad is doing quite an extensive transportation business. Each downward train conveys several carloads of wheat.

The anonymous communication of a "Special Correspondent" is rejected, according to the prescribed rules of every well regulated journal.

Dr. Plummer, a former practioneer of this county, but now of San Francisco, and wife, are making a short visit among friends in Woodland and Yolo county.

The Board of Equalization adjourned yesterday, having done little in the way of increasing assessments and but few applications have been made for reductions.

We yesterday saw a fishing party returning from the river where they met with abundant success. They had as results several fine pike, measuring about two feet in length.

The National Gold Medal was awarded to Bradley & Rulofson for the best photographs in the United States, and the Vienna medal for the best in the world, 429 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

When the glorious orb of Day sinks beneath the western Peek, then does the soft and mellow twilight Hershey in the peace and quiet of worldly repose, breathing sweet inspiration into the fretted soul of the street politician.

Our Republican contemporary says he had thought that legal learning and mental culture might be of occasional use in the office of Superior Judge. It is rather strange his party didn't think of that in making their nomination.

The *Daily Republican*, issued by the Republican Central Committee, and edited by A. A. Delong and others, made its appearance Monday morning. We suppose it is issued in the interest of the Republican party, but cannot speak definitely.

C. S. Grey, the Jeweler, opp. Express Office, has some Waltham Watches in solid silver cases that he is selling for almost nothing, and he warrants them to keep good time. Any one that has carried a Waltham Watch knows that they are the best watches made.

Mr. J. W. Dinwiddie, one of the old and reliable Democratic residents of Knights Landing, has been appointed Justice of the Peace, in place of Mr. Taylor, resigned. There is no doubt that Mr. Dinwiddie will administer the duties of the office with ability and fidelity.

As yet the identity of the man who is in custody at Lewiston, and supposed to be Tom Lawton, is not confirmed. Sheriff Drew, of Sacramento, has sent for a photograph of the prisoner, and not until that is received will it be definitely known whether it is Lawton or not.

The little seven-by-nine says the DEMOCRAT "threatens to make disclosures," which is only a slight *intentional* mistake, for the DEMOCRAT has done no such thing. Its *doings* are what's the matter with the other fellow; and hence the appearance of the poor little seven-by-nine.

Last Saturday was a lively day in our neighboring village of Cacheville, a gentleman informs us, and although the people there are devoted Christians, the spirit of revel

The Yolo Democrat.

WOODLAND, YOLO CO., CAL.,

THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1879.

"Reading Pays."

Oh, yes, it pays in various ways,
To store the mind with knowledge,
At least that's what the teacher says
In every school and college;
To keep the youthful mind employed
While the happy thoughts it brings
Prevents the mind from being decoyed
To studying foolish things.

It is the bulwark of the mind,
The joy of leisure hours,
It is always fresh to those who find
The influence of its powers;
It makes you bright, it gives delight,
Its power and might in time,
Itself will show as on you go
In reaching heights sublime.

But pray take heed of what you read
Be such as always tend
To guide your actions that no deed
Of yours may e'er offend;
That poison lurks not on the page,
Or in any way betrays,
And you will find, in your old age,
The truth that "reading pays."

Trapped by an Heiress.

A cosier place than the big sitting-room at Hillcrest would have been hard to find, if one had traveled from Land's End to John O'Groat's; and this eventful evening, when the destinies of two worthy people were about taking definite form—two people who had never seen each other, and who had heard of each other so often that both were curiously eager to meet—on this important evening the sitting-room at Hillcrest had never looked pleasanter or cosier.

A huge fire of logs glowed like molten carbuncles in the open fireplace; on the table in the center of the floor, whose cover matched the glowing crimson of the carpet, was a silver stand that held a dozen snowy wax tapers, whose beaming light contrasted exquisitely with the ruddy glow of the fire.

Beside the table, in a big, cushioned chair, with his feet thrust to the genial warmth on the hearth, his gray dressing-gown sitting comfortably on his portly form, his gold-rimmed glasses on his nose, sat the owner and master of Hillcrest, Mr. Abiah Cressington, rich, good-natured, and fond of his own way. Opposite him was the mistress of the place—little, shrewd-faced, sharp-nosed, merry Aunt Cornelia, his sister, who, since her widowhood, had come to Hillcrest to make her bachelor brother's home as pleasant as she could.

That she had succeeded was very evident by the way now in which he looked up from a letter he had been reading—the confidential, kindly way in which he did it.

"Walter writes a curious letter in response to my invitation to come and spend a few weeks at Hillcrest as soon as he gets over his fatigue from his ocean voyage home, after his five years' tour abroad. I'll read it to you."

He leaned near the softly-glowing lights, and began the short, concise reply that Walter Austin had written from his chamber in the Temple:

"You are very kind, indeed, Uncle Abiah, to ask me down to Hillcrest for as long as I wish to stay, and I can assure you that I have been so long a wanderer that the idea of a home is very pleasant to me. But when I take into a consideration the peculiar importance you propose attaching to my visit, I am unwilling to accept the invitation. To me, the idea of having my fancies and inclinations put into harness, and to feel that I am on continual duty to win my way into the good graces of my second cousin, Mabel, whom you are good enough to wish me to marry—"

Mrs. Cornelia interrupted sharply,—

"Abiah, you surely never went and told our grand-nephew, that you had in view his marriage with Mabel?"

Her tone was energetic, almost reprehensive.

"Why not? I certainly did. I told him in my letter that it was a chance for him he'd never get again, and that he needn't feel under such terrible obligations to take a fancy to Phil's little Mabel, but to come down and be cousinly, and if anything should happen, it'd be right all round."

Mrs. Cornelia knitted vigorously, her lavender cap-ribbons quivering in the mellow taper glow.

"All I have to say is, you're—a fool, Abiah! Walter is right. A young man doesn't like to have his fancies under rein and whip, and the very fact that we want him to marry, will make him indisposed to do it. You've made a very great mistake in the beginning."

Mr. Cressington looked aghast at his sister's determined face.

"Why, I didn't really suppose—"

"Of course you didn't. It's only your natural stupidity, you dear old fellow! Men are all alike. Don't I know them like a book? And you've ruined your hopes for Mabel and Walter at the very outset."

Mr. Cressington started discomfitedly.

"I am sure I meant it all right enough, Cornelia. I certainly wanted Walter to know what a little darling our Mabel is, and what a nice little wife she would make for any man."

"Very commendable, indeed; only, if you had consulted me upon the letter you sent, I should have advised you to say nothing about Mabel, or her charms, or her expectations. I should have simply asked him to come and see us, and have left the rest to Mabel's blue eyes. You see, Abiah?"

His lips compressed slowly.

"I think I see. And my hopes in that direction are all ruined!"

The silver needles clicked rapidly, and the snow-white yarn came reeling merrily off the ball under her arm.

"Not at all. Leave that to me, and I'll see what can be done. Trust a woman's wit to get even a blundering old fellow like yourself out of a scrape."

She smiled and nodded, and looked altogether so mischievous, that Mr. Cressington became quite excited over her little mystery.

"Do explain, Cornelia."

And when she explained he leaned back in his chair, with an expression of positive awe and admiration on his face.

"What a woman you are, Cornelia! I declare, it beats anything I ever heard in the whole course of my life!"

* * * * * * *

After dusk, a glorious winter day, with here and there a star twinkling in the pale gray sky, and the lights and fires in the Hillcrest sitting-room making an eloquent welcome to Walter Austin, as he stood in the midst of the home circle, tall, gentlemanly, handsome and self-possessed.

Old Mr. Cressington was in his richest humor as he led forward two young girls.

"Come, don't be shy, now. Walter, this is your cousin, Mabel Cressington, and this is her good friend and inseparable companion, Irene Vance, come to help entertain you. My nephew, Mr. Walter Austin, girls. And this is Aunt Cornelia—you remember her well enough, hey?"

And so the presentation was merrily gotten over, and Walter found himself at home in the most pleasant family he had ever known.

They were remarkably pretty girls, with blue eyes—although Miss Vance's were decidedly the deeper blue and more bewitching—and lovely, yellow-gold hair. Walter found himself admiring the style of Miss Vance's *coiffure* before he had known her an hour; and when he went up to his room that night he felt as if between the roguish Mabel and sweet little Irene, he never would come out heart-whole.

"For Mable is a good little darling," thought he, "and I will take Great-uncle Abiah's advice and fall in love with her, and thereby secure a generous share of the Cressington estates. Egad! that's a happy thought!"

But the handsome young gentleman went to sleep and dreamed, instead of Mabel's laughing eyes, of Irene's gentle, tender ones; and awoke somewhere in the middle of the night, unable to get to sleep again for thinking of her.

And the after days were not much better. Despite the golden value of Mabel, there was something about Irene Vance that made this headstrong fellow very foolishly indifferent to the advice he had sworn to follow.

"Because, by Jove! a fellow would have to be made out of granite to resist the sweet, shy ways of such a little darling as Irene! And I'll marry her if she'll have me, and the money and property may go to the—dogs! I've a head and a pair of hands, and blue-eyed Irene shall not suffer!"

It was not an hour later that he met her in the hall, carrying great boughs of holly, with which to festoon, down the walnut staircase.

"Give me your burden, Irene," said he. "Why did you not tell me you were going to gather it, and let me go with you? It is altogether too heavy a burden for your arms to bear."

He managed to get the lovely sprays from her arms, but it required an immense amount of tardy effort on his part, and shy, sweet blushing on hers.

"Answer me, Irene. Why didn't you let me go with you! Wouldn't you have liked it?"

He demanded her answer in the most captivating, lordly way, and she dropped her eyes in great confusion.

"Y-e-s."

"Then why were you so cruel to me?"

"I am not cruel to anybody. Indeed I must go now."

Walter placed himself squarely in the way, and was looking down at her rose-tinted face.

"No, you can't go yet. Irene, you are cruel, or you would never deprive one of the opportunity to enjoy the blessedness of your society." His voice lowered tenderly, and he dropped his head nearer her golden curls. "You know I think it cruel in you to be so distant, and shy, and reserved with me—don't you, Irene?"

She shrank away, her lovely form drooping like a lily, her cheeks hanging out their signals of distress and confusion.

"Oh, please don't talk so to me. Indeed I must go! Mabel is waiting for the holly, and she—they won't like it if—"

But she was a prisoner in his tight clasp.

"If what? If they find you and me talking so confidentially together?"

"No! I mean if I don't take the holly at once."

Walter put his arm around her waist before she knew what he was doing.

"Irene, look up. You shall not go until you let me see in your eyes if you love me as well as I love you! Irene, my dear little girl, I do love you very dearly!"

She was silent for one second, and he saw the quiver of her red lips. Then she raised her head slowly, shyly.

"You love me? Oh, Walter, what will they all say? Don't you know it is Mabel you should say that to? I am nobody, Walter, and Mabel is an heiress!"

Walter had both arms around her by this time, and was looking ardently in her glowing face.

"I know Mabel is an heiress, and a nice little girl; and I also know you are a darling—my darling—and the only girl I ever asked to be my wife, or ever shall ask! Say yes, pet."

His tones were low and tender, but triumphant.

"And you can deliberately give up so much for only just me?"

Her wondrous eyes met his bravely now, and thrilled him by the love light in them.

"Only just you, my own darling! Why, you are all the world to me! Come, we must go and tell Uncle Abiah at once. Just one kiss first—you must!"

And he had more than one or two, before he led her, blushing, with tears trembling on her lashes, like diamonds on a golden thread, to Uncle Abiah, who sat in his library with Mrs. Cornelia, industriously looking over a receipt book. They looked up in surprise as Walter marched in, Irene on his arm, a picture of confusion.

"If you please, Uncle Abiah, I want your blessing and cordial consent to receive this little girl for your niece. I love her, and she loves me."

Uncle Abiah looked shrewdly over his glasses at Mrs. Cornelia.

"Well, sister, what shall we say to this youth's demand?"

A broad smile of perfect delight was on her merry face.

"Say? Why, tell them yes, and welcome; and let them know their Aunt Cornelia isn't a fool if their Uncle Abiah is."

Walter looked astonished, and felt Irene's hand tremble on his arm.

"What is it, dear?"

She smiled through her tears as she looked into his inquiring eyes.

"Oh, Walter, I am afraid you will be angry. I am Mabel after all, and—and—"

"And you have made love to your cousin, the heiress, in spite of yourself, my boy! So Hillcrest is a foregone fate, after all, eh?"

"Don't scold, please, Walter!" Mabel pleaded, in a low voice, with her blue eyes looking into his.

"As if I could scold you, my love! Since I have you, what need I care?"

And Mrs. Cornelia turned over the leaves of the receipt-book until she came to "wedding-cake," and avers that she made the match herself.—*Waverly.*

English Skies.

One effect of the climate of England (it must, I think, be the climate) is the mellowing of all sights, and particularly of all sounds. Life there seems softer, richer, sweeter, than it is with us. Bells do not clang so sharp and harsh upon the ear. True, they are not rung so much as they are with us. Even in London on Sunday their sound is not obtrusive. Indeed, the only bell sound in the great city of which I have a distinct memory is Big Ben's delicious, mellow boom. In country walks on Sunday the distant chimes from the little antique spires or towers float to you like silver voices heard through the still air. Your own voice is hushed by them if you are with a companion, and you walk on in sweet and silent sadness. I shall never forget the gentle, soothing charm of the Bolney chime in Sussex, which, as the sun was leaving the weald to that long, delicious twilight through which day lapses into night in England, I heard in company with one whose sagacious lips, then hushed for a moment, are now silent forever. These English country chimes are very different from those that stun our ears from Broadway steeples. They are simple, and yet are not formless jangle; but the performers do not undertake to play opera airs *affetuoso* and *con espressione* with ropes and iron hammers upon hollow tons of metal.

Whether I was favored by the English climate I do not know, but in addition to this soft, sweet charm which the air seemed to give to everything that was to be seen or heard, I found late autumn there as verdant and as variously beautiful as early summer is with us, and without the heat from which we suffer. In Sussex the gardens were all abloom, wild flowers in the wood, blackberries ripening in the hedges, the birds singing, and everything was fresh and fragrant. Among the birds, I observed the thrush and the robin-redbreast; the latter not that tawny-breasted variety of the singing thrush which is here called a robin, but a little bird about half as large, with a thin, pointed bill, a breast of crimson, and a note which is like a loud and prolonged chirrup. It would be charming if we could have this mantrusting little feathered fellow with us; but I fear that he could not bear our winters. In Warwickshire, I found roses blooming—blooming in great masses half-way up the sides of a two-story cottage on the road from Stratford-on-Avon to Kenilworth; and this was in the very last days of October. True, I had only a few days before shivered through a rainy morning drive in Essex, when the chill dampness seemed to strike into my very heart; but on the whole I found myself under English skies healthy, happy, and the enjoyer of a succession of new delights, which yet seemed to me mine by birthright.—*Richard Grant White in Atlantic.*

A Revolution in Mexico.

A year without a revolution in Mexico, or an attempt at one, at least, would be like a summer without rain in other countries. It is not surprising that one is in progress now. President Diaz, it will be remembered, owes his office to a revolution. In 1876 President Lerdo, a Liberal, was chosen to succeed Senor Juarez. The rival candidate was General Porfirio Diaz, who on pretence that the election had been irregular, marched on the capital and proclaimed himself provisional President. But he was at once plunged into difficulties. Senor Iglesias, Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court, had aided Diaz in overthrowing Lerdo. According to the Mexican Constitution, the Chief-Justice succeeds to the Bresidency whenever there is a vacancy or failure to elect. Iglesias, therefore, claimed the Presidency, and when Diaz usurped it, withdrew from the capital and declared against him. It was not until the close of 1877 that the opponents of Diaz were conquered and he became firmly seated in the Presidency, to which he had in the meantime caused himself to be elected.

Diaz was supported by the wealthy and influential classes, who had been alarmed at the innovations of the Liberals under Juarez and Lerdo. He promised "reforms" freely, which meant a reactionary movement. But whether because he has found himself unable to induce the Legislature to pass the measures desired, or because he did not have them sufficiently at heart to press them, he has failed to give Mexico the promised reform. For some time past administration has been very freely criticised in some of the journals of the capital, but it has not been supposed that there was any great disaffection behind these utterances.

But it is now said that the generals of the army have openly declared against him, that the merchants and landowners are unanimously opposed to him, and that his downfall is imminent, if not certain. Precisely what has brought about this state of feeling, beyond that chronic unrest that makes a settled government a seeming impossibility in Mexico, is not known. But that it exists there can be no question, and that it portends another civil war there can be no question. President Diaz is not the kind of a man to give up his hard-won honors without a struggle. Should he be overthrown, there would be a fitness in the event; an administration that began in a revolution might very properly end in a revolution.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

A WHALE ATTACKS A SCHOONER.—The Halifax *Chronicle* says: Captain Logan, of the schooner *Katie E. Stuart*, which arrived Saturday, reports that when off Whitehead he saw a whale about fifty feet long coming toward the vessel. He threw a billet of wood at the monster, which seemed to enrage it, and it dived under the vessel and came up alongside, blowing water on the deck. It was struck by several missiles, but did not seem afraid. Then bilge water was pumped overboard. This drove the whale off for a few minutes, but it came back and was evidently about to strike the vessel, when it was struck close to the blow-hole by a large lump of coal. This seemed to take the courage out of the whale, and it swam off in the direction from which it had first come.

The chief art in learning is to attempt but little at a time. The widest excursions of the mind are made by short flights, frequently repeated.

Man's Walking Powers.

Weston's performance in covering 550 miles in rather less than six days may be of no particular importance from a patriotic point of view. If Weston had been a new man the fact that he had "beaten the record" by ten miles or so would have furnished an occasion for the American eagle to display himself, but Weston has engaged in so many matches that his victory will not create nearly the same excitement in New York as if his achievement had been made by Ennis. It has always been Weston's weakness to set his mark a little higher than he could reach, and his remarkable performances have been overrated simply because of the impossibilities he has undertaken. Nevertheless, what he has now done is a very remarkable achievement. Rowell in Gilmore's Garden, and Brown at the long-distance walk in Agricultural Hall, seemed to those who saw them to have exhausted the limits of human endurance. What they did has now been so badly beaten that there is more difference between Weston's performance and Rowell's than between Rowell's and that of the second man in this race. Rowell made barely 500 miles and Ennis made 475, whereas the winner in this race in making 550 miles has beaten Rowell by something like fifty miles. There is every reason to expect that within a very few years a long-distance walking match of six days will be won with a record of not less than 600 miles, or 100 miles a day. This would be an excellent performance for a horse. In fact, so far as we remember, it has never thus far been equaled or even approached by a horse. People who have studied the powers and performances of horses and men have long been of the opinion that in point of endurance the biped was much to be preferred to the quadruped. They are justified by the result of the recent long-distance matches. The owner of a horse who should subject his animal to the extreme tests to which Weston and Brown have submitted themselves would probably come under the official notice of Mr. Bergh. The record of any six days' walk is regarded with consternation by every man who has walked enough to know what fast walking means, and who has yet not walked enough to know how much exertion the human system will bear. There is no reason to believe that any professional pedestrian could come nearer to Weston's record than his opponent in the present match has heretofore done, but there is reason to believe that professional pedestrians will hereafter succeed in beating Weston's time even more than Weston has beaten the time of his predecessors. At all events, if the present race is repeated in this city, there is reason to expect that the record will be beaten, and that the winner will be obliged to surpass a feat of pedestrianism which now seems to be the limit of human perseverance and endurance.—*New York World.*

Sentimental Flirts.

No flirt does more damage than the undemonstrative man who takes sentiment as his ground of action. Soft eyes that look dark and melancholy in the twilight; a sweet, sad voice that awakes responsive echoes in the imagination of the hearer; a languid, still, and self-contained manner, giving the impression of a reserve fund of force, of talent, feeling, of capacity for sorrow, of power of sympathy—these are the various items which make up the stock-in-trade of the sentimental flirt; and with these he dispenses sweet pain and pleasant anguish to all around. All, that is, who are weak enough to believe, and innocent enough to be deceived; and who take tinsel and tinfoil for shining silver and ruddy gold. How much mischief these sentimental flirts do in their day! They give you the impression that you and you only are the one sweet woman whose love is needed for their happiness. And all the time you are the victim of a cruel experiment! Or take the tragic flirt from the other side of the house, that beautiful little woman with the big eyes and the melodious voice, who sings sad love songs as if she felt them, and round whom melancholy clings as a graceful garment, how many men has she not captured and drowned in the unfathomable abyss of her vanity. She looks all sorrow, and her life has not a cloud; she seems all sentiment, and no nether millstone is harder, or more prosaic; she gives you the impression of one seeking consolation, and the merriest little grig who dances all night in pink and rosebuds is not more light of heart, more free from care. She is a sham throughout, and she attitudinizes—she does not feel. But clever men believe in her, and good ones fall down and worship her, and she rides on the crest of the wave in the world's esteem; while her sister, who disdains falsehood and coquetry alike, gets only scant admiration, and is hardly considered worth the winning.

Bees on the Wing.

When a swarm leaves for the woods they are off before you fairly know it. They drift away from the hive in a widespread and apparently aimless concourse, then suddenly gather up their skirts, draw together their forces, and away they go, a humming, flying vortex of bees, the queen apparently in the center and the mass revolving about her as a pivot, over orchards and meadows, across creeks and swamps, or woods and deep valleys, straight for the appointed tree, slow at first, so that you can keep up with them, but presently with a speed that would tire a fox hound. In this flight the individual bees do not move in right lines, or straight forward like a flock of birds, but round and round like chaff in a whirlwind; unitedly they form a whirling, revolving, nebulous mass fifteen or twenty feet across, that goes as straight as a projectile to its mark. They are not partial as to the kind of tree—pine, hemlock, elm, birch, maple, hickory—any tree with a good cavity high up or low down. A swarm of mine ran away from the new patent hive I gave them, and took up their quarters in the hollow trunk of an old apple tree across an adjoining field. The entrance was a mouse hole near the ground. Another swarm in the neighborhood deserted their keeper and went into the cornice of an out-house that stood amid evergreens in the rear of a large mansion. But there is no accounting for the taste of bees, as Sampson found when he discovered the swarm in the carcass (or more probably the skeleton) of the lion he had slain.—*John Burroughs, in Scribner for May.*

Let friendship creep gently to a height; if it rushes to it, it may soon run itself out of breath.—*Fuller.*

Life at Saratoga.

One who has never been vaccinated might just as well take up an abode in a small-pox hospital and expect not to catch small-pox as to come to Saratoga and not get into a flirtation of some kind. Flirting is in the air—you may be ever so well-meaning, so good-hearted shat you wouldn't hurt a fly, that is, under ordinary circumstances; but here, well, you are seized with the epidemic before you know anything about it, and almost unconsciously you find yourself saying pretty things to Tom that you wouldn't quite like Dick to hear, while in the absence of the two first-named worthies, more than one Harry may come in for a share of the many polite speeches which rise to your lips spontaneously. Now, of all this something tragic might ensue, but luckily the evil works its own remedy. To break one's heart about one false one is quite *en regle*; but to break one's heart about a half-dozen or dozen, as the case may be, is quite unheard of. So, then, it is all resolved into a pleasant way of passing one's time, and nobody comes off much worsted.

The novelty which attracts most attention is the three electric lights at the Union, which are under the immediate supervision of Maxim, the inventor and patentee, who anxiously watches every succeeding improvement. Chiefly during the evening performances of Lothian's band are the new and strange effects made manifest. At the main entrance to the piazza on the inner court a light is suspended on high, and from its single radiance the entire length of that side is illuminated with a wonderful brilliancy, yet without that glare and heat consequent upon the employment of gas. Diagonally opposite at the other end of the court yard, a similar light is placed, and by virtue of the two the entire lighting of the court is accomplished. The *piece de resistance*, however, and that which attracts so much attention is the throwing of variously colored lights upon the central fountain by means of colored electric lights placed on the piazza at the further end. The result is magical. One moment you see the fountain playing waters of a delicate rose color; the next moment they deepen into the richest crimson, and change alternately into orange, pale yellow, green, purple or blue. All these, and other colors which I cannot think of at present, are intensified, then paled again, and not only this, but oftentimes three and four are simultaneously united with incredibly beautiful results. Then again, all are withdrawn, and the fountain left for some moments to its natural play; this, indeed, being a cunning device, since when the colorings are resumed we appreciate them the more from their temporary withdrawal.

All the hotels are now fast filling up. I had a pleasant talk yesterday with Dr. Perry, of the States, who seems exceedingly well-pleased with the turn which affairs are taking, for each day brings recruits, while rooms are engaged by parties who soon will occupy them. Mrs. A. T. Stewart, as you know, is at the Union, but seemingly aware that she is apt to be unpleasantly stared at, keeps almost exclusively within her own apartments, which are fitted up an a scale of regal magnificence. Even when she goes driving she takes the precaution to go quietly out of a side entrance, rather than in front where everybody is seated.—*Rosalind May in N. Y. Home Journal.*

Teaching Calves to Eat.

We have always had considerable trouble to get our calves to eat dry feed, as soon as is desirable. We usually take them from the cow at from three to five days old, and give them fresh milk until two weeks old, when we begin to add skim milk to their rations. At this period we should like to have them begin eating bran, shorts or shelled corn, or better all together, to make up for the diminished quality of the milk. But how to get them to eating has been the difficulty. As the easiest way out of it we usually practiced the plan of stirring the bran or shorts into the milk and letting them drink what they would of it. But for various reasons we don't like that method. We prefer that they should eat it. If you think that a mere "notion," we shall not quarrel with you about it. The past winter we accidentally discovered a way out of the difficulty of teaching them to eat. When the first calf put in an appearance, we had no separate stall or shed to put it in. Our sheep shed being of good dimensions for the number of sheep, we concluded to turn it in there. About the time we fixed for feeding skim milk and shorts we happened to visit the shed soon after the boy had fed the sheep their morning feed of corn and shorts, and to our surprise we found the calf occupying a place at the trough, and eating with avidity. The next one that came we disposed of in the same way and with the same result. The third followed, a little bit of a half-blood Jersey, that we could pick up and carry under one arm, almost as easily as a lamb; and it could not have been more than ten days old when we observed it beginning to imitate the sheep and other calves in going to the trough, and at least "going through the motions" of taking the feed. Now we are not going to advise you to raise sheep to teach your calves to eat dry feed (perhaps ours didn't), but if you have the sheep and want your calf to learn early to eat without taking the trouble yourself to teach it, you might try the plan.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Felt That Way Himself.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath," and so sometimes does a little good-natured raillery. Some people, be it known, always wake up in good humor, some in bad humor and some in "middling" humor. Causeur had a neighbor who is blessed with a daughter and a son, the latter some years younger, a little fellow who often says a bright thing without knowing it. The other day his sister had been enjoying an afternoon nap, and woke up just as supper was ready. She came to the table, and having occasion to reprove her brother for some breach of table etiquette—older sisters are great sticklers for etiquette—spoke rather more harshly than the occasion seemed to warrant. Instead of resenting the reproof, the boy looked up and said sympathetically, "Been asleep, haven't you?" "Yes," answered the sister. "Thought so," continued he, "I often feel that way when I wake up." That boy has learned to "round the corners already; he'll find it a useful accomplishment when he begins his battle with the world.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Chat with the Family.

BY AGRICOLA.

One object of clothing the body is to secure uniformity of temperature. A temperature of 99 degrees F. is the average for a person in health, and without counteracting influences this will be maintained by the action of the blood. Clothing may disturb this uniformity in various ways. Compression upon any part of the system obstructs the flow of blood, which results in the lowering of the temperature. The feet and hands are made cold by tight boots and gloves. Too many thicknesses of clothing at a particular point results in the accumulation of heat and consequent congestion. A lack of clothing results in the escape of heat, and the forcing inwardly the surface blood, tending to produce congestion of the internal organs. One part may be overheated by too much clothing, while another part is suffering from cold. Too often do we see children loaded with clothing about the chest, while the neck and legs are barely covered.

In some parts of the body the blood vessels are larger and more numerous than in other parts—as in the throat and lungs and liver and kidneys. Hence these organs are liable to become overheated by too much clothing, and especially if other parts of the body are imperfectly protected. The region of the kidneys is often overdressed by the lapping, at this point, of the garments which clothe the trunk and lower extremities. Two or three extra thicknesses are thus obtained, and the tendency is to accumulate an excess of blood in these delicate organs.

It is maintained that the muffling of the throat is the cause of more sore throats, coughs and croups than all other causes combined, especially when supplemented by thinly clad extremities. As I have intimated, flannel should be constantly worn next the skin. This prevents sudden chills of the surface, which is very important in our variable climate. If flannel irritate the skin, cotton flannel or silk may be substituted. Linen may never be worn as an inner garment.

Much injury has resulted from the false notion on the part of mothers, that children need to be hardened by exposure; but more often this hardening process results in sickness and premature death. Suitable clothing as nutritious diet is necessary to healthy growth.

Food is the source of all bodily functions. Each day's bodily and mental exercise, each day's waste, repair and growth depends upon food, as the recuperating power. Animal heat is lost, and must be reproduced through the consumption of food, and blood-making. If the body is insufficiently clothed, there must be extra loss of heat, and a reaction upon the constitution. If there is a waste of heat during the years of childhood, there will be a consequent lowering of the processes, both of body and brain, which will, in consequence, fail to reach a vigorous development. Hence the naked legs and arms of children, which delight the vanity of silly mothers, are often at the expense of health and life. Such mothers are as really guilty and chargeable with the crime of murder as is the Hindoo mother who throws her child into the Ganges.

As a matter of course, when the bodily functions decline in vigor, with advancing age, the protection of clothing becomes more necessary.

I shall next take up the relations of exercise to health. Man was evidently made for activity. The indolent man deserves to be sick and die. The jointed skeleton, the contracting muscles, the controlling nerves, the digesting and circulating functions were made for activity. Man must work or die. This fact is engraved unpn his very constitution.—*Green Mountain Freeman.*

HOW TO BUY A HORSE.—The *Rural New Yorker* says: "An intending purchaser should have the horse brought out before him, and watch the animal as he stands at rest. If the owner is continually starting the horse into motion and urging him to "show off," something may be suspected, because it is when the horse is at perfect rest that his weak points are divulged. If the horse be sound he will stand square on his limbs, without moving any one of them, the feet being placed flat upon the ground, and all his legs plump and naturally posed. If one foot be thrown forward, and the toe pointing to the ground, and the heel raised, or if the foot be lifted from the ground, and the weight taken from it, disease or tenderness may be suspected."

CANNING GREEN CORN.—Cut the corn off the cob and fill your cans (after thoroughly scalding them) with the corn, take a spoon and press very hard so as to fill the can full, put on the cover loosely. Put the cans into your wash boiler after putting something under them to prevent them from breaking. I use the grate from the bottom of the oven. Fill in cold water up to the bulge of the can, put on the boiler cover and boil four hours, take off the stove and let stand until cool enough to handle, fasten the covers tight and set in a cool place in the cellar. I usually get mine ready in the forenoon and boil after dinner. If these directions are strictly followed, you can enjoy the same pleasure that we have for years, of eating sweet green corn in the winter. It will need only to warm when you use it out of the can.

RASPBERRY VINEGAR.—Put one pound of very fine raspberries in a bowl, bruise them well, and pour upon them a quart of the best cider vinegar; next day strain the liquor on a pound of fresh ripe raspberries; bruise them also, and on the following day do the same, but do not squeeze the fruit, or it will make it ferment—only drain the liquor as dry as you can from the fruit. The last time pass it through a canvas bag, previously wetted with vinegar to prevent waste. Put the juice into a stone jar with a pound of sugar to every pint of juice; stir it, and when melted, put the jar in a saucepan of water, let it simmer a little, skim and remove from the fire. When cool, bottle off.

PEACH JAM.—Gather the peaches when quite ripe, peel and stone them, put them in a preserving pan, mash them over the fire till hot; rub them through a sieve, and add to a pound of pulp the same weight of pounded loaf sugar, and half an ounce of bitter almonds, blanched and pounded; let it boil ten or twelve minutes. Stir it and skim it well.

SPONGE CAKE.—One and one-half cups sugar, one cup sifted flour, one teaspoonful cream tartar mixed with flour, whites of ten eggs; beat well; mix the tartar and flour; lastly the eggs; bake quickly.

Hawk-Eyetems.

Virginia is the mother of presidents and the father of peanut crops.

They haven't had an earthquake in California for so long the natives feel ashamed to have a stranger come into the state.

"Why do men lie?" asks the Washington *Post*. Can't tell, indeed! Didn't know they did, in fact. Do they, really, though?

"June," aptly remarks the Polar bear of the Buffalo *Express*, "would be very enjoyable but for the danger of freezing to death."

No, Mr. Lamar, it may not be a "back-down," but there is a thundering sight bigger strain on the breeching than there is on collar, all the same.

The Paris clock faces are illuminated by electricity. In this country human faces are frequently illuminated in the same way; by Jersey lightening.

"What," exclaims the Meriden *Recorder*, "equals the laugh of woman?" Well, rather than have the equation fail, let X equal the laugh of woman.

There is a young man on South Hill who dresses with such elegant plainness, that the only jewelry he wears is the gold filling in one of his back teeth.

George Washington never made but one pun in his life. And forgot that, before he could tell it. This is what endears his memory to the American people.

A Pittsburg policeman wants his rank and pay raised because his wife had triplets. If that isn't the cheek of a man. He! He have his pay raised. Promote the woman; that's what.

"How did I get it?" is the title of a new novel. We don't know positively but we rather think you stole it. This brings the question fairly before the house, so now go on with the debate.

The Marshalltown *Times* says: "The Des Moines police judge fines the lawyers that call each other liars in court. An appeal will probably be taken on the ground that it is attempting to suppress the truth."

The spinners of all the Fall River mills have struck. We noticed some time ago that old Spinner's signature had joined the strikers, and it seemed as though every last spinner of them had struck it with a tangle of barbed wire fence.

"It is not all of death to die," sang the old poet. He was right. The greatest part of death, about ninety-eight out of a possible one hundred, is to leave your estate in such a shape that your children will get nearly as much of it as the lawyers.

The ugly girls never get married and the common young men die old bachelors. No matter who is married, the bride, in the report is always "beautiful and accomplished," and the sheepish groom is invariably "the son of one of our best familes."

Scalpel met Stethoscope walking up Columbia street, carrying a large black eye with him. "Hallo," he shouted "get that in a fight?" "No," replied Stethoscope, "I got it out of one." But there is no manner of sense in being so dreadful particular.

A sharp swindler, down in St. Louis arrayed himself in woman's clothes and went around with a plausible story and borrowed money from twenty people. They were awfully mad when they sought the woman and found him out. They didn't mind his masquerading so very much; it was his sex actions they despised.

Swinburne swings, "I hid my head in a nest of roses." Did you, Algernon, did you? That was wise in you to hide it among the roses. Now if you had covered it up in a nest of cabbages, when you came to pick it out again you could not have told, for the life of you, which head was yours. Stick to the roses, old boy, every time.

At Des Moines the ordinance restraining cattle from running at large at night has been repealed, and the *Register* says that a purse is being raised by prominent citizens to hire boys to go around late of nights to prop open the gates of members of the city council, in order to give the roaming cows and councilmen the full benefit of the repeal.

"We can not go below the bottom of anything," said Professor Miller, the last day of school. "Yes, we can," interpolated the smart bad boy. "Ah," said the professor, in tones that indicated his doubt, "and what is it that extends beyond the bottom?" "Strawberry box," shouted the smart bad boy, and before the professor could stop the class, the boy received three encores and a rocket.

"Few things," says the New York *Times*, in a recent article on Caleb Cushing, "are more exaggerated than the amount of property men own." This is startlingly true. Only the other day we heard it reported on the street that we were worth a dollar and seventy five cents, at an inside estimate, and could buy a pint of strawberries without feeling it. Let us say to our misinformed friends, while we are on this subject, that a man does not become a millionaire in journalism in ten years' time.

"The world," remarks a philosopher, "is like a looking-glass; frown at it, and it frowns at you; smile at it, and it will smile back," Ah, yes, that is all very well, but when the looking-glass has a blister about the middle of it, and a wrinkle each side of that, that twists your nose up into something like a wilted turnip and draws your mouth all over both cheeks in twenty different sizes and angles, all the smiling you can do at it only makes it worse and worse. Philosophy is all very well, but it can't smooth the wrinkles out of a looking-glass.

A few days ago there died in the town of Vernon, Winneshiek county, an aged farmer named Carpenter, who left a will bequeathing to his son an old chest that had been an heirloom in the family. On opening the chest the son was surprised and incensed to find that it contained nothing of value. He so reported to the remaining members of the family, when they persuaded him to make further investigations, which he did by taking the chest apart. In doing so two cleats, each half an inch thick and perforated with auger holes, were discovered. Tearing off these cleats, the young man found that they were hollow, and that the space between the lid and the bottoms of the cleats had been filled with gold coins by the thoughtful parent. How long they had been stored in such a singular manner in that old chest is a mystery.

PERSONAL.

Lord Derby says he has attended 500 public di ners.

Gen. Longstreet, the ex-Confederate, is in the hotel business at Atlanta, Ga.

Warm weather has driven Emperor William and wife into cool-shaded Ems.

Agnes Booth, the actress, assists her husband to keep a hotel during the summer at Manchester, N. H.

Mr. Jefferson Davis is mentioned as a probable United States Senator from Mississippi should his political disabilities be removed.

The President does not smoke and does not offer cigars to his guests, whom he receives on the southern portico of the White House.

Miss Annie Louise Cary, after singing at one or two college commencements, will rest during the summer, taking part in no concerts.

Mr. James E. Mardoch, it is said, will again appear on the stage in the autumn, giving performances in the principal cities of the country.

Dr. Hugh Miller, of Scotland, who lately died, left by will $100,000 to the missions of the Free Church of Scotland, and $2,000 to the American Board.

Col. Thos. A. Scott, President of the great Pennsylvania Railroad, is to return from his protracted visit abroad in September next. He hopes by that time to be in "perfect health."

Miss Annie Louise Cary has arrived at her home in Portland, Maine. She has signed a contract to join Mapleson's Opera Company for its next season in this country, beginning in November.

Various Italian cities have begun to erect monuments in honor of the late King Victor Emmanuel. The municipal authorities of Milan have voted the sum of 400,000 francs for the monument there.

George Lessard, of Montreal, aged 99, has just married his fourth wife. With his first and third wives he lived thirty-three and thirty-one years respectively, the second wife dying within a year after marriage.

Miss Emma Thursby has been engaged for the Hereford Festival. She will make a provincial tour in October and November, and after that a tour on the Continent, spending next season in England, and returning to America in 1880.

Mr. Gladstone still pursues theology. At the present moment he is writing an article for the Dissenters' organ, the *British Quarterly*, on the "Decay of the Evangelicanism in the Church of England." It is said that it will be a kind of continuation of some articles he wrote about two years ago on the current of religious thought.

James Vick, the well-known nurseryman of Rochester, N. Y., used to set type along side of Horace Greeley. When Whitelaw Reid was in that city the other evening delivering an address before the editors of New York, Mr. Vick sent him a model of an easy chair, made of flowers. This was "Vick's Floral Guide" to Whitelaw when the latter wanted to sit down.

Sydney Smith, after Macaulay's return from the East, remarked to a friend who had been speaking of the noted conversationalist: "Yes, he is certainly more agreeable since his return from India. His enemies perhaps have said before, (though I never did so,) that he talked rather too much; but now he has occasionally flashes of silence that make his conversation perfectly delightful.

Hon. Samuel J. Tilden has leased the residence on North Broadway, known as Graystone, and will occupy the building this week. The lease is for six months, and he has the privilege of purchasing the property at the end of that time. The house commands a fine view of the river, the grounds embracing thirty-three acres, extending from Broadway to the river.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Fashion Tete-a-Tete.

Short black satin skirts are worn with grenadines.

Satin perasols embroidered in pale wool shades are very handsome.

Belts and rows of bows down the front are worn with polonaises.

Fifteen plaited frills are set on some of the narrow petticoats worn with short-trained dresses.

A great deal of bright dressing is reported among the Quaker ladies at the English May meetings.

It is said that very good coverlets may be made of strips of cotton woven together in the same way as for carpets.

Some of the new French dresses are made short in front and on the side, but have a very short train set in the middle of the back.

The rage for black and gold increases in England. Yellow looks bright without seeming hot, and is therefore becoming to women who have as much color as most English dames.

Croizette's $2,000 gown, ordered for London, is of pink silk covered with pearl embroidery. Its train is of violet velvet, wrought with silver and gold, and the stomacher is of gold, velvet and precious stones.

At a costume ball given in London the other day one of the most admired dresses was that worn by a young lady who chose to array herself as an orphan from the foundling hospital, and wore brown serge and white linen.

"Atlas," of the London *World*, respectfully suggests to the ladies that they should effect the most important revolution of modern times by abandoning the bonnet forever, and suggests as a substitute the Milanese veil of black lace, which is very warm when made of thick silk, and very cool when composed of Chantilly.

A keen observer says: "The secret dread in the heart of rich, aspiring people is that they may fail in some nicety of etiquette; they are the most good-natured and obliging people to be found anywhere." Now, if she had only added that the most rude and disobliging persons are those whose long descent does not quite reconcile them to the present poverty of their families!

Said Dr. Cuyler to the girls at Paker Institute: "Let woman do whatever she can do well. Let her follow every path of usefulness wherein she can walk gracefully and without stumbling. Can she set type or make a telegraph instrument talk in electric speech? Then let her do that with a happy heart and to the music of a merry voice." Yes, and be amiably requested by the foreman or manager to make less noise.

Memories of Parepa.

Perhaps a few personal recollections of the late Madame Parepa-Rosa will not be without interest to the thousands who cherish her memory, and who cannot realize that she has forever passed away.

Happening into the music store where the tickets were being sold, she sat at the counter looking over the latest publications, when a tall, cadaverous Yankee from the backwoods approached the the ticket-seller and inquired:

"Dew yeou sell them air Paripper tickets here?"

"We do," was the reply.

"Does she sing by ear or by note?" was the next question; but all further conversation was drowned in laughter, in which the great *prima donna* most heartily joined.

Upon one occasion when she was to sing in a New England city, the crowd at the ticket office—which was in a small music store—was so large that every pane of glass in the counter was broken. The poor shop-keeper was in a state of terrible anxiety, and feared that he should lose his entire stock, when a large, dignified lady walked into the store, and seeing the condition of affairs, restored harmony by telling the shopman that she would see that he should suffer no loss, and by her very presence quieting the entire assemblage. It was Parepa.

After one of the concerts, at which she had held the audience of fifty thousand people spell-bound with her grand interpretation of "Let the Bright Seraphim," she was congratulated by a friend upon her wondrous singing. "Not to me does the praise belong," modestly and sincerely replied the artist, "but to my Maker, who gave me the talent I possess."

Her constant good nature was one of her fortunate heritages, and she had the happy faculty, through her strong magnetism, of producing harmony from discord. On one occasion a pompous and troublesome artist refused to perform a piece because it was placed too near the beginning of a programme. "Never mind," said Parepa, "I will change places with him," which she did, receiving immense applause, and she never found that artist troublesome again, for he saw and appreciated her disposition to yield a little for the general good.

She pronounced the Handel and Haydn Society the best choral organization in America, and she took greater pleasure in singing with that body than with any other. She regarded the members, nearly one thousand in number, almost as personal friends. One day, at rehearsal, she inquired why a temporary flight of stairs was placed in front of the stage. "They are expressly for your use," was the answer. She quickly and smilingly answered "I declare I won't sing unless I can come in *with the rest of the girls.*"

On the occasion of a benefit to Mr. Lothian a few seasons since, Miss Mehlig was prevented from appearing, and Parepa (who was sitting in a private box enjoying the performances of Lotta, whom she greatly admired personally and professionally), hearing of the fact, and not wishing the beneficiary nor the audience to be disappointed, asked permission to replace the absent artist, and amid the greatest applause she appeared in walking-dress and hat, and when the audience had testified its acknowledgment of her kindness she sung, very appropriately, "As I'd nothing else to do."

On the last day of her farewell visit to Boston, as the writer was making a friendly parting call, the *prima donna* very warmly expressed her admiration of America, and said that she hoped some day to return here and establish an opera house of her own, where she could give operas for four months in the year, for four nights in the week. Alas! that the artist's hopes could not have been realized.

During this interview, Parepa sang several songs (Carl Rosa playing the accompaniment). I was not the only auditor, for the corridor of the hotel was crowded with the servants. These songs had been set to music by her husband, who was too modest to publish them, thinking that the works did not possess sufficient merit. "What would you do with the little man," she archly inquired, "if he would not follow good advice?"

Her strong, unwavering devotion to her husband and graceful deference to his wishes, were noticed by all who were intimately acquainted with the happy pair. "What is the use of having a husband," she would ask, "if he is not to tell his wife what to do, and then let her do just as she pleases?"

She always desired to pet every child who came near her, and several times she almost frightened their mothers by pretending to carry away "the little darlings."

She was generous-hearted to a fault. She gave thousands of dollars in charity without the knowledge of the world, and nothing annoyed her more than to have her good deeds heralded. Many a manager has occasion to bless her memory, and many an artist dates success from her encouragement. In her death not only has music, but humanity lost a friend.

Plucky Carrie Roberts, the 14-year-old servant of G. H. Kitchen, of Monroe O., was altogether too much for the tramp who invaded the house in the absence of the rest of the family and began to gather plunder. Carrie first discovered the tramp's presence while he was stuffing the contents of the family's cash and jewelry box into his pockets, and sprang upon his back, clutching her hands in his hair. The thief could not release himself without losing his plunder, and stumbled through a hallway into a dining room, where Carrie let go her hold, mounted a chair and got a revolver from on top of the clock, before the tramp had collected his ideas. She opened fire, hitting his hand and making him drop the cash box, and continued to fire until the man had run out of the house, scaled the fence and escaped. Then Carrie gathered up the treasures left behind, summoned the farm laborers from the field and put them on the tramp's trail, and, finishing up her housework, sat down and wrote a long account of her adventure to her brother.

Of two men, the one of whom is tricky, plausible and sophistical, and the other of whom is plain and honest, the latter is the surer to succeed. No kind of fraud will ultimately prosper.

To prevent lameness keep your horse's feet in good condition, stuff them frequently with linseed meal mixed with soft soap.

Mind Over Matter.

During a flying visit to Waukesha, Wis., Dr. Robert Boyd related to us an incident from the life of that prince of preachers, Robert Hall, which is one of the finest illustrations of the power of mind over matter we have ever seen.

As is well known, Mr. Hall was hardly ever free from suffering. His disease, so obscure as to baffle all physicians, steadily tightened its hold upon him, and many of his great sermons were preached under circumstances that would entirely have prostrated a man of feeble nerve. One Sunday morning when, as usual, the church was packed to hear the great preacher, one of his deacons, entering the room at the rear of the pulpit, found Mr. Hall lying on the floor enveloped in a perfect cloud of smoke by which he was endeavoring to deaden the pain. A student went into the pulpit to conduct the opening services. Mr. Hall lingered in the vestry to the very last moment wrestling with excruciating pain. At length as the last hymn was being sung, he rose, or was lifted from the floor. His eye was heavy with narcotics, his cheeks hung flabby, and his whole expression was lifeless. The sexton put his coat on him and opened the door. Slowly and laboriously pulling hand over hand he climbed the pulpit stairs. With one hand pressed on his side, and the other grasping the pulpit, he announced his text: "The Father of Lights." He looked more like a dead man than a living one. With slow and mechanical utterance he began. Without motion or gesture, save a feeble occasional movement of the right hand, he went on. He first described, as only he could, the glories of the natural heavens, and the exalted God as the "Father" of all these lights. He then called a graphic roll of the world's intellectual masters. God was also the Father of mental greatness. And he dwelt on moral and spiritual greatness, and traced it all to God.

As he proceeded, a wonderful change came over his face. The flabbiness passed away from his cheeks, and the heaviness out of his eyes. His face shone like an angel's, his eye blazed with unnatural brilliance, and his voice, losing the huskiness with which he began, rang like a trumpet. A great change came over the audience. As he went on from picture to picture, and poured out on that audience, accustomed indeed to eloquence, but now astonished, his wonderful wealth of word and thought, the people leaned foward in their seats hardly daring to breath, and finally fully one-third of them, unconscious of what they were doing, rose up and leaned toward the pulpit as far as they could reach. Many left their pews, and with unconscious steps silently, stealthily crept down the aisles, until they found themselves standing entranced directly in front of the speaker, so irresistible was the magnet that drew them.

When the sermon was over, the giant disease again claimed its victim, the eyes sunk and the face fell. He was again the feeble, dying man. But during that glorious hour, when "great thoughts struck along the brain," the mind was supreme. It spurned weakness and death, and claimed its birthright. Such an hour as that will forever disprove the current materialism. There are times when man can "above himself erect himself." Such times prophesy the permanent triumph of the immaterial part of our being. If the mind be but the happy collection of physical atoms, then the eloquence of a physical broken and dying man is an unexplained and anomalous thing. But if the mind be a separate and immortal entity, using the body as its servant, then we can understand how it can climb sometimes to its grandest achievements along the rickety and crumbling stairway of an enfeebled and decaying physical nature.—*The Interior.*

Neapolitan Women.

At Naples, the men are of a handsome race, but the women possess much less beauty than throughout the rest of Italy. Very few pretty females are found, and in general the expresions of their countenances is far from being agreeable. Their gaze is too bold, their voice harsh and masculine, their complexions are pale and yellow. Corpulence here passes for appendage to beauty. The Moors have the same idea, and on this point, as on many others, Naples is still affected by its African vicinity. The want of beauty, and especially of grace, among the greater part of the Neapolitan women is traceable to the gross food on which they subsist, the violence of their passions, their entirely sedentary life, and the little care they take of themselves. All these defects are particularly striking to a stranger arriving from Florence, Rome, or Genoa—those three nurses of beautiful forms. The Neapolitans, however, are perfectly contented with their native women; young or old, pretty or ugly, there is none without an admirer. In this respect Naples may pass for the paradise of the ladies. It must be confessed, also, that the heat of the climate, and the volcanic sulphurous atmosphere of Naples, cannot but deprive them of their personal charms. A woman is old at thirty; at fourteen she is all that she can be. But neither the climate nor the mode of life can deprive them of the luster of their black eyes; the charming expression of their lips, when not disfigured by their drawling and affected pronunciation; and the perfection of their hands and feet.

STARVING TO DEATH.—People do starve to death sometimes even in this land of plenty. In Lawrence, Mass., Peter Igo, aged 32 years, had long been out of work. Finally, he obtained employment, and worked the first day with only a dinner of bread and water. Next morning he went to work without any breakfast, but was soon obliged to leave the mill. After a dinner of bread and water, he returned to his labor. He came home in the evening with a small quantity of beefsteak given him by a hand at the works. His wife cooked the steak and he partook sparingly; but was soon very ill and unable to speak. Shortly he died, in the opinion of the physician, of starvation. The neighbors say that the family never made known their wants, being too proud to beg.

At Vienna the Hungarian women are considered the prettiest and best dressed; the fairhaired Poles and Bohemians, the most stylish; the Viennese the sauciest, most coquettish and attractive; and the Croats the ugliest. The daughters of sunny Italy were in much favor in the capital of Francis Joseph before he lost them with their provinces.

Too Much Sleep.

The effects of too much sleep are not less signal than those arising from its privation. The whole nervous system becomes blunted, so that the muscular energy is enfeebled, and the sensations, and moral and intellectual manifestations are obtunded. All the bad effects of inaction become developed; the functions are exerted with less energy; the digestion is torpid, the exertions are diminished, whilst in some instances, the secretions of fat accumulate to an inordinate extent. The memory is impaired, the powers of imagination are dormant, and the mind falls into a kind of hebetude, chiefly because the functions of the intellect are not sufficiently exerted, when sleep is too prolonged or too often repeated. To sleep much is not necessarily to be a good sleeper. Generally they are the poorest sleepers who remain longest in bed; i. e., they awaken less refreshed than if the time of arising were earlier by an hour or two. While it is true that children and young people require more sleep than their elders, yet it should be the care of parents that overindulgence be not permitted. Where the habit is for children to lie in bed until 8 or 9 in the morning, the last two hours, at least, do not bring sound, dreamless sleep, where the hour for retiring is 8 or 9 at night, but are spent in "dozing," and, in fact, such excess cannot fail to ensure the harmful results described by the authority quoted. What is called "laziness" among children is, in very many cases, disease, and is largely due to this, as well as the other causes mentioned, that undermine the foundations of health.—*Golden Rule.*

DOING UP MEN'S LINEN.—A husband complained that his shirt bosoms and collars were badly done up, and the case was referred to a knowing shirt-maker, and his answer is well worth the attention of housekeepers:

"Yes," said the man, "the fault is with your laundress. While doing up your collars she stretches them the wrong way. Damp linen is very pliable, and a good pull will alter a fourteen-inch to a fifteen inch collar in the twinkling of an eye. She ought to stretch them crosswise and not lengthwise. Then in straightening out your shirt bosom she makes another mistake of the same sort. They also ought to be pulled crosswise instead of lengthwise, particularly in the neighborhood of the neck. A lengthwise pull draws the front of the neckband somewhat directly under your chin, where it was never meant to go, and of course that spoils the set of your collar. With the front of your neckband an inch too high, and your collar an inch too long, you have a most undesirable combination."

PEACH PRESERVES.—Pare and stone your fruit and cut in halves; weigh it, and allow one pound of sugar to one pound of fruit; crack peach stones, extract the kernels and put a few into your syrup (for flavoring) while cooking. Put a layer of sugar in the kettle first, then a layer of fruit, and so on until all is used, set where it will warm slowly until the sugar is melted and the fruit hot through; boil steadily until the peaches are tender and clear; take out with a perforated skimmer and lay on large flat dishes, crowding as little as possible. Boil the syrup almost to a jelly—that is clear and thick, and skim; fill your jars two-thirds full of the fruit, pour on the boiling syrup and when cold cover with brandy tissue paper, then with cloth, lastly with thick paper tied tightly over them. The peaches should be ready to take off after half an hour boiling; the syrup boils fifteen minutes longer; stir often to let the scum rise, and skim.

RASPBERRY JAM.—Three quarters of a pound of sugar to every pound of fruit; boil the fruit half an hour; mash and stir well; add the sugar and cook twenty minutes more. Gooseberry jam is made similar, only boil the fruit one hour first and another hour after the sugar is put in. The gooseberries must be ripe.

RHUBARB PIES.—Do not stew rhubarb for pies but cut the sticks in small pieces, fill your pie dishes—already lined with paste—and cover very thickly with sugar. Place over the top a thin lid of pastry, moistening and pressing down the edges to make them stick, and bake in a modern oven.

WHITE SAUCE.—Put into a saucepan with one pint of white stock, a small onion, one clove, a blade of mace, and a fagot of herbs; boil for an hour, strain, thicken with a dessertspoonful of arrowroot, boil it up again and add by degrees—half a pint of cream.

RHUBARB, OR PIE PLANT.—This is a great Spring luxury. It is also very healthful. When young and tender it hardly needs peeling, and it requires less sugar than afterwards, when it becomes stronger, more sour and spicy.

MOCK OLIVES.—Gather plums before ripening; make a pickle of vinegar, mustard-seed, cloves and little salt and pour hot over the plums; let them remain over night; drain off the vinegar, reheat and pour over.

TO COOK ASPARAGUS.—Wash it well and tie it into small bundles; put them into boiling water, well salted and boil fast until quite tender. When well done drain and serve on butter toast with white sauce over it.

CAULIFLOWER PICKLE.—Cut away the leaves and pull apart the flowers in bunches; soak in brine twenty-four hours; drain, put into bottles and pour hot, spiced vinegar over. Seal at once.

MUFFINS.—One egg, one heaping tablespoonful of sugar, three cups of flour, half cup of milk, two teaspoonfals of cream tartar, one of soda.

PRESERVED PEARS—Are put up the same, only pared. Leave stems on and fruit whole.

Philadelphia seems impressed with the idea that it is her solemn duty to nominate the next President of these United States. When a city gets this way, nothing but a run of small-pox will restore her equilibrium.

It is the great privilege of poverty to be happy unenvied, to be healthy without physics, secure without a guard, and to obtain from the bounty of nature what the great and wealthy are compelled to obtain by the help of the artist.

TOMATO PICKLES.—Slice green tomatoes; place them in salt and water over night; in the morning, drain; scald them in vinegar; again drain, pack in jars, and pour fresh, hot vinegar over, to which has been added horse-radish and spice.

Study After School Days.

There are societies in England, and in our Eastern States, which provide help and encouragement for girls and women, in cultivating themselves, by reading, at home, books which shall improve their minds and give them the pleasant feeling of increasing knowledge. By correspondence, on a given subject, between the woman who desires to know and the woman who already knows, sympathy is established and help is given.

An American society, whose headquarters are in Boston, Mass., has had great and wide-spread success, but is, as yet, little known among us. We learn that it has already an agency here, consisting of several ladies who reside in and near San Francisco. These ladies are prepared to furnish lists of books which are at once attractive and instructive, and we give below some of the rules and the address, taken from the circular for this part of the country.

Many entertaining books convey valuable information, and if well selected, and read with a wise plan for pursuing one subject continuously, will awaken interest, and produce a strong impression, so that works on the same topic will be relished, even if they are of a more serious nature. It is not easy for every one to select among the mass of books, known only by their titles, such as will be best to read, and this society proposes to meet that want. In response to a demand in various parts of the country, it issues now a new set of lists, preparatory to those in the original programmes. Useful reading is not only an occupation to be recommended for those who have plenty of leisure, but a refreshment to those whose daily practical duties are laborious; and in either case it is found to contribute to the health of the body as well as of the mind. The benefit of such help for those who have young children about them, asking eager questions, and needing sympathy in their studies, is obvious.

In the Fifth Annual Report of the Boston Society, (1878,) we find this sentence, quoted from a student's letter: "One of the best results of a study which has interested and enlivened, without over-burdening or exhausting, is a great improvement in the state of my health." Another, on beginning a course of Botany, regretted that the region where she lives is poor in flowers and botanical interest, but it was not long before she expressed her astonishment at the wealth around her. Still another, whose duty of taking her younger brothers and sisters to walk had been a penance, found these walks became delightful explorations, to which all looked forward with pleasure. Again, one who having but little leisure, and no early education, took up mineralogy with the Society, after a time said: "I never knew before there was so much beauty in a stone. I feel as though I had lived so long with my eyes shut, I see so many beauties I never thought existed."

Ladies joining the Society must be at least seventeen years old. The time for correspondence is from October 1st to June 1st, and this correspondence is monthly. Information about further details, also about the parent Society, and about books, (which will be furnished under certain conditions,) can be obtained from Miss Noyes, 13 Guy Place, San Francisco.

The number of students on the books in Boston, for two years past, has been between eight and nine hundred, and the Society has been called "An Invisible University," and has been spoken of as forming a new sisterhood, binding women together in all parts of our wide country.

Beating the Boat.

The other day one of the ferry-boat captains found aboard of his craft a cadaverous-looking chap who had been his way to and fro so often that patience was no longer a virtue. When it was found that he had no ticket the captain roared ont:

"What did I tell you the last time I passed you over?"

"You said you'd throw me into the river next time I tried to beat my way across," was the calm reply.

"And now, ——!" yelled the captain, as he started to pull off his coat.

"And now you won't. You are a good-hearted man, and I don't want you to get into trouble on my account. I will go overboard on my own hook."

He stepped to the gangway and made a dive before any one could prevent. The boat was stopped, life-preservers thrown out, and after hard work the man was hauled aboard. The captain seized him, braced him against the cabin, and shaking his fist under the beat's nose, exclaimed:

"Look a-here, you miserable, sinful man, I've been put to ten dollars trouble trying to collect your five cent fare! After this it is understood that you are always to ride free, and if you offer to pay fare I'll lick you!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

HOME POLITENESS.—That man who is scrupulously polite and respectfull to all women in public, but habitually saves coarse manners and vulgar language for his own wife and daughters, is no gentleman. He is only an impostor. The young man who oils his hair, puts sweet odors upon his pocket handkerchief, and bows with charming elegance to Miss Arabella Spriggins and lady friends, and goes home to sneer at his mother, disobey her wishes and treat her with familiar discourtesy, is a pinchbeck imitation only of a gentleman. Genuine good manners and gentle breeding should begin at home. As a rule, the best men in the community are the best men at home. When a man opens his front gate only to meet his wife's face radiant with pleasure, and hears the shout from the eager children, "Papa is coming," it is safe, as a rule, to lend that man money. He is honest, and will repay it if he can.

PAPAW FRUIT.—Experiments made with this tropical fruit proves it to possess the property when boiled with tough meat of rendering it juicy and tender. If the unripe fruit be placed in the water in which the toughest meat is to be cooked, it is found to effectually soften it and render it perfectly digestible; and the same good results are observed if the meat be merely washed with the juice of the fruit. The thick, white, milky juice, when extracted from the unripe papaw, in fact, contains properties similar to those of pepsine. In appearance, the fruit resembles a citron or lemon.

Let friendship creep gently to a height; if it rushes to it, it may soon run itself out of breath.—*Fuller.*

Matrimonial.

The following couples are reported to have been "proclaimed" in matrimony last year in Scotland:

"Thomas Black and Mary White,
Peter Day and Ellen Knight,
Solomon Bank and Catharine Vale
James Hill and Susan Dale,
Isaac Slater and Jane Thatcher,
John Baker and Mary Butcher,
Stephen Head and Nancy Heart,
William Stately and Jessie Smart,
Joseph Reed and Julia Hay,
Thomas Spring and Mary May,
Joseph Brown and Kitty Green,
John Robins and Jenny Wren,
William Castle and Nancy Hall,
Peter Chatter and Fanny Call,
Joseph Mann and Eliza Child,
James Merry and Lucy Wild,
Thomas Bruin and Mary Bear,
James Fox and Catharine Hare,
Andrew Clay and Lucy Stone,
Michael Blood and Lizzie Bone,
John Cloak and Julia Hood,
Edward Cole and Nancy Wood,
James Broom and Ellen Birch,
Charles Chapel and Susan Church."

Comparative Longevity.

Herr Max Waldstein, of the Statistical Department at Vienna, says, in a recently published pamphlet, that the number of people in Europe who are upward of 90 years old is 12,831, of whom 10,203 are women. Of those who are over 100 years of age, there are 241 women and 161 men in Italy, 239 women and 183 men in Austria, and 526 women and 524 men in Hungary. There are in Austria 1,508,359 persons over sixty years of age, comprising 7.5 of the whole population. It is found that the percentage of old people is much higher among the Germans than among the Slavs. In the German provinces of Upper Austria and Salzburg it is 11.5, while in Galicia it is only 4. In Hungary there are more old men than old women, which is explained by the fact that the excess of women over men is less in Hungary than in other countries. According to Herr Waldstein there are in Austria 100 women and 86 men who are 100 years old, 41 women and 37 men who are 101, and 88 women and 60 men who are upwards of 101 years old.

The death of Baron Lionel de Rothschild makes his son, Sir Nathaniel, chief of all the Rothschilds, English and Oriental. This is in accordance with the rule of a family governed by rules. Until his father's death he was not even a partner in the business. The partnership question was raised at the time of the Suez Canal shares transaction, when the Rothschilds acted as brokers for Lord Beaconsfield's government, at a price which put $1,250,000 into their pockets as direct commission, and perhaps twice as much indirectly by means of that dealing in shares which their early knowledge of the business enabled them to carry on without risk of loss. Many years ago, when Lord Beaconsfield was still Mr. Disraeli, he proposed a member of the House with a preliminary proposal for a loan to a European state. The circumstances were such, said Mr. Disraeli, that he could not communicate, even confidentially, the name of the power for which he was acting, but he desired to know whether the idea of a loan, on exceptionally advantageous terms, would be entertained. Sir Anthony replied: "I will tell you if you will answer three questions, viz., the amount of the present indebtedness of the power you represent, the form in which it is held, and the rate of interest." The three answers were given, whereupon Sir Anthony at once said, "The loan you want is for the Two Sicilies; we can have nothing to do with it." In less than three months Garibaldi had entered Naples.

When a farmer picks up a home paper and sees every reliable business firm represented in its columns by good healthy advertisements, he says so himself at once: "That is a business place; the merchants are all energetic, wide-awake, and up to the times; they are trying to build up their town, and enhance the interest of the surrounding country. They deserve a little patronage, and they shall have mine." Some of the merchants are beginning to see how the thing works, and are governing themselves accordingly. Liberal advertisers give good substantial bargains.

Mrs. Morrell was an Irish lady lately deceased who, in her youth, was a member of the Milbanke household when Lady Byron, after many quarrels with her husband, returned to her father's house. Those quarrels ended one morning at breakfast when Lord Byron was in a "tantrum" and his wife brought matters to a crisis by asking pointedly: "Byron, am I in your way?" Byron, leaning against the mantel-piece, answered savagely, "Yes, damnably!" Lady Byron immediately left the room, and soon after the house. She never saw her husband again, and 'damnably' was the last word from his lips which fell upon her ear.

A gentleman, wishing to obtain board for his wife and family in the country, was directed to a neat-looking farmhouse, kept by an old farmer and his wife. A brief inspection satisfied him that the place would suit him. "But now as to terms," he said. "Waal," drawled the farmer, "you have six children, you say?" "Yes, sir." The old man reflected a few moments, and then resumed. "Last year I took children at half price. Do you see them p'ar trees and berry-bushes? Waal, this year I will charge full price for the young 'uns and throw in your wife and yourself for nothin'."

Times of general calamity and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The purest ore comes from the hottest furnace—the brightest flash from the darkest cloud.

Mistrust the man who finds everything good, the man who finds everything evil, and still more the man who is indifferent to everything.—*Lavater.*

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes, for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain one.—*Pope.*

A Long Trance.

The *British Medical Journal* reports a notable case of trance in the London Hospital. The patient is a woman twenty-seven years of age, of rather small stature, and weak mental capacity. She was admitted on April 3, on account of symptoms connected with extensive disease of the heart, for which she had been treated as an in-patient in 1877. When admitted there was marked aphonia: she complained of great precordial pain, and frequently expressed her firm idea that "she was going to be married." At the time she had no difficulty in taking liquids; no marked symptoms were present beyond the loss of voice. About May 7 prostration became marked, without any signs specially attributable to the heart disease, and she evinced great disinclination to take food of any kind. In a few days she fell rather suddenly into a state of trance, in which condition she has remained ever since. At first she could be induced with difficulty to take liquids, but soon she would not swallow even such food, and nutrient enemata had to be given. For a few days she would reply to questions by monosyllables, but later gave no signs of consciousness, remaining perfectly passive and motionless, and could not be roused. There was never any marked kind of convulsive seizure, local paralysis, or sign of any further lesion connected with the heart disease; the pulse remained full throughout. No reflex action was obtained on tickling the feet, and she seemed quite insensible to pricking or pinching the skin. The temperature remained normal. For three days she was fed by an elastic catheter passed through the nostrils to the pharynx—a proceeding which she made some attempt at resisting.

This condition differs from catalepsy in its lifelessness; but for the performance of the organic functions there is no muscular rigidity; the limbs, when raised, fall as if lifeless, and, if placed in certain attitudes, are not retained fixed as in catalepsy. At present the patient remains in the state described, giving no sign of consciousness; her condition appears to be exactly that of the famous Welsh fasting girl, and there is no sign of special disturbance resulting from her heart disease.

After Ninety Millions in New York.

A Cincinnati despatch says: "For the past two or three days the heirs and attorneys, representing about one hundred and forty lineal descendants of Robert Edwards, who owned at one time property in New York city, now valued at $90,000,000, have been in conference in Akron, Ohio. John A. Edwards, of Seward, Neb., represented fifty of these heirs, and H. W. Ingersoll of Akron and Capt. Henry Edwards of Kawaka, Canada, the remaining ninety. After a full comparison of facts and views, a satisfactory conclusion was reached that the documentary and other proofs at hand were sufficient to warrant legal proceedings whenever they choose to institute them. One of the heirs is a washerwoman named Sherbandy, who lives in the suburbs of Akron."

This is quite moderate, one hundred and forty people demanding only $90,000,000. Some of the California veterans have come for $10,000,000 apiece. But the latter give engraved certificates for what they get.

The Australian Exhibition.

Information has been received at the Department of State that the period for receiving applications for space in the International Exhibition at Melbourne has been extended to October 31, 1879.

The American Consular representatives in Australia have been instructed by the State Department to pay particular attention to the interests of American exhibitors at Sydney and Melbourne. To represent the United States directly there will be a Secretary or executive officer and two or three Commissioners. The Secretary will have general charge of the American department. Dr. C. C. Cox, of New York city, has been appointed to that position. No transportation of goods to the Exhibition will be at the expense of the United States, and no government vessels will be sent with goods. Dr. Cox will open an office in the Department of State to make arrangements and transact business preliminary to his departure.

Crops in Brazil.

A former Texan, who emigrated to Brazil several years ago, writes from the Province of San Paulo, near Rio Janeiro, that the country is a great improvement on the United States, and that he can earn more money with less work. Last year from four acres he obtained 9,600 pounds of sugar, which brought him $600. From 50 acres of land he obtained, two years in succession, 73 bales of cotton, 450 pounds to the bale, which is better than can be done in any part of the South. Next year he will try coffee, which is the best crop of all. He says he is in the midst of a quiet colony of immigrants from the South, all of whom are equally enthusiastic.

A Magnetized Watch.

A lady in Madrid, Me., who carried a valuable gold watch, was in a house last summer when it was struck by lightning. The watch stopped at the time, and although jewelers have repeatedly examined it and pronounced it perfect in every particular, it cannot be made to move. It is so magnetized that watchmakers say no part of it could ever be made to do duty if taken out and put into another set of works.—*Springfield (Mass.) Union.*

The great magnate of South Wales is Sir Williams Watkin Wynn, who owns 90,000 acres in the principality. He is a member of Parliament for Denbighshire, as was his father from the age of twenty-four to his death at an advanced age. His father, who repeatedly refused a peerage, was also Lord Lieutenant of two counties. Upward of seven thousand persons attended his funeral. In 1858 Wynnstry, his ancestral home, with its contents, was destroyed. Only four pictures were saved out of a large collection. To a South Welshman "Sir Watkin" is the *ne plus ultra* of grandeur and wealth.

We venture to say that no watchmaker who reads the *Scientific American* would say that a magnetized watch cannot be perfectly restored. By the use of a magnet any watch that has been magnetized can be very easily demagnetized and the timepiece restored to its former usefulness. We will give an article on this subject before long from the pen of an esteemed correspondent, showing how to demagnetize a watch, with other interesting facts connected with the subject of demagnetization.—*Scientific American.*

The Yolo Democrat

Thursday, July 31st, 1879.

Real Estate Transactions for June.

Harling, Lowry & Co. to A J Pipkins—2,017 acres of land in township 8; consideration $[illegible].

E M Hord to R E Welch—northwest quarter of section 2, township 9, 161.58 acres; consideration $10,000.

A W Strong to A W Gable—southeast quarter of section 1, township 11; consideration $100.

Kramer & Meitz to Robert Leason—lot in the town of Cacheville; consideration $900.

Woodland Cemetery Association to E Wheeler—south half of lot No. 3, block 4, in the town of Woodland; consideration $12.50.

E H Beamer to A H Rose—forty acres in section 33, township 12; consideration $30.

G L Parker to W H Duncan—Lots situated in the town of Langville; consideration $1,000.

James Smith to Hall & Freeman—Lots No. 3 and 4 of S E quarter, section 10, and lot No. 1 in township 10; consideration $1,950.

Henry Smith to Hall & Freeman—Land in section 14, township 10, containing 21½ acres; consideration $50.

E B Aldrich to H A Mefford—Lots in Langville; consideration $100.

J H Hyatt to Hanna L C Hyatt—Lots No. 20 and 21 in block No. 2 in the town of Winters; consideration love and affection.

C H Swift to J E Card, Assignee—Lot in Woodland; consideration $1.

Hamilton & Coleman to J. E. Card—Lot in Woodland; consideration $1.

Swift & Coleman to J E Card & wife—Lot on west side of Elm Street in Woodland; consideration $1.

J E Caldwell to Ella S Caldwell—Part of lots 6 and 7, block 2 in Woodland; consideration $1.

Capital Savings Bank to Wm Oeste and D T Oeste—N E ¼ sec 10 and S W ¼ sec 3, in township 8; consideration, $1.00.

J H Elliott to R F and M J Weedon—S E ¼ sec 13 township 11, containing 160 acres; consideration, $3000.

Mathus Wolfskill to Stephen Hill—N ½ sec 21, township 8, containing 320 acres; consideration, $1000.

Hamilton & Coleman to Levi Hill—S W ¼ sec 28, township 9; consideration, $1.00.

John and Mary Gordon to J D Stephens—North 100 acres of South 300 acres of Lot No. 6, of Gordon's subdivision of Rancho Canada de Capay; consideration, $1500.

Hamilton & Coleman to Hill—Land in township 8; consideration, $1.00.

Hamilton & Coleman to H. P. Martin—Land in sec 30, township 9, 85 acres; consideration, $1.00.

W D Card to Elizabeth Hitchcock—Lot No. 8 as laid down in the plat of Woodland; consideration, $175.

Isaac Fisher to Sac. Savings Bank—Lots No. 1 and 2 in block D, W & R addition to town of Woodland; consideration $200.

John Tackney & Wife to L D McDonald—Lot and tenements thereon located on Main Street, Woodland; consideration $7,500.

J W Cummings to Sarah A Powell—Lot No. 1, block 9 in Cacheville; consideration $80.

J E Cummings to J W Cummings—Land in block No. 3 in Cacheville; consideration $750.

John P Jackson to Joseph Maddox—Lot No. 11, block No. 4 in Davisville; consideration $50.

J C Gay & wife to Jos Maddox—Lot No. 3 in block No. 4 in Davisville; consideration $5.50.

John N Maize to Nora F Baldwin—Lot No. 2, block No. 15, in Winters; consideration $50.

Hamilton & Coleman to J M Garoutte & Wife—Part of Rancho Cañada de Capay, containing 160 acres; consideration $100.

J M Garoutte & Wife to Mering & Porter—Four hundred and eighty acres of land situated on Cache Creek; consideration $16,000.

W A Brown to J W Powers—Lot in the town of Cacheville; consideration $800.

J W Freeman to R E Tutt & Wife—West half section 4, township 9, containing 300 acres; consideration $369.

Hamilton & Coleman to G C St. Louis—One hundred and sixty acres in township 10; consideration $1.

Thos. H Williams to David Bixler—Tract of land on Tyler's Island; consideration $1.

Agnes Bemmerly to Yolo County—Land for the purpose of right of way, in township 11; consideration $1.

Bridget Chiles, Administratrix, to J C Cecil Tract of land in section 11, township 14, together with tenements.

Falsifying for Party Effect.

[Having heard only a part of Gov. Woods' speech the other night, we were not aware that any such misstatements were made as the following communication exposes, or we should certainly have corrected them in our next issue. In uttering such stuff Gov. Woods abuses himself and injures the cause he essays to strengthen.—ED. DEM.]

EDITOR DEMOCRAT:—Ex-Gov. Woods, in his speech at Woodland Monday night, said, in substance, that the doctrines of the Democratic party at the present day tended to the destruction of the American Union, and that the party was a dangerous one; that Democrats hoped to gain at the ballot-box what they had lost at the point of the bayonet, and that if they ever succeeded in getting control of the Government, slaves would be returned to their masters or the masters would be reimbursed for their loss; also that the Confederate debt was to be paid. Now, Mr. Editor, every man of ordinary intelligence, either North or South, knows that when Mr. Woods gave utterance to the above, that then and there he gave utterance to an infamous falsehood; and being a man of more than ordinary intelligence himself, he could not help knowing it. We called on a prominent Republican who was present next day and asked him what the object of such an address was, and was told that it was *for the purpose of keeping the Republican party together*; that some of that party had been voting the Democratic ticket. Now sir, do our Republican friends expect to win the day by making false accusations against the Democratic party? If so, they have sunken deeper into the pit of shame and degradation than we had supposed. F.

A New Mineral Development.

A new quartz ledge has been discovered at Spanish Gulch, Amador county, about four and a half miles from Ione City, in which a couple of Yolo men are quite largely interested, viz: Messrs. H. P. Martin, of Woodland, and Mr. Wristen, of Davisville, the rest of the mine being owned by Mr. Burnett, of Sacramento, and Mr. Kuykendall, the discoverer. The three gentlemen first named paid a large amount of money for their interest, and also bound themselves to erect machinery, etc., the cost of which is to be paid out of the mine. Mr. Martin has just returned from the mine and reports that a well defined ledge thirty feet wide has been struck. The last assay showed $360 to the ton of ore, and as progress is made it increases in richness. Work is going on, and ore is being shipped to Sacramento for reduction until the arrival of machinery. We trust this mine will turn out what it now really bids fair to be—a real bonanza, that will enrich its fortunate owners. Mr. Martin has heard still better news since he left.

P. S.—Our readers must not confound this mine with a "wild-cat" affair away off in Arizona, that was represented by another Mr. Martin in Woodland some months since. This is a genuine quartz ledge gold mine, and no stock for sale at present.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

[Correspondence of the Democrat.]

NEW YORK, July 10, 1879.

EDITOR DEMOCRAT:—One of the most successful, because most plausible, swindles in this city is that known as selling Puts and Calls, and it is done by men who advertise themselves as bankers, and who flood the country with circulars, books and pamphlets, telling how fortunes are made daily by hundreds of persons who send to them any amount of money from $5 to $1,000 for investment in their pooling scheme—which never fails! These men advertise extensively, pay their bills and thus try to keep on the good side of the press; yet nothing can prevent the honest newspapers from keeping their readers posted as to the ins and outs of the Wall Street and Exchange sharpers. These men do not hesitate to add forgery to their other crimes. As proof, a firm of so-called bankers, doing business in Exchange place, gave a lady canvasser—who did not know the tricks and manners of the street—an advertisement for insertion. She did the work and they paid so promptly that in acknowledging the receipt of the money, she gushed a trifle and said she "was perfectly charmed with their manner of doing business." This was a chance quickly taken advantage of, and they instructed one of their clerks to forge a letter, embodying this statement, but going to show that she had invested money through them and they had made about 375 per cent. for her, and they signed her name—that of a well known fashion writer—and sent the letter broadcast over the country. Many persons who knew the lady by name and reputation were thus induced to send their money to these "bankers." The result might have been foretold. Just about this time stocks unaccountably fell, and the senders lost their money—and yet the fools are not all dead!

We have had some terribly hot weather during the past week; the result is, the majority of our ministers have preached their last sermons for the next two or three months, and they will take their much needed vacations. It is no easy task to write two or three sermons each week, or about three hundred and sixty-five editorials each year, as the majority of our editors do. If any one doubts, let them try it.

New Jersey's Attorney-General has woke up the lawyers, and even the Court of Appeals. Some years ago a legislator, to please a client, tried to get a bill passed taking appealed cases directly from a lower to the highest Court. The then Governor of the State was a lawyer, and seeing the unconstitutionality of the bill, promptly vetoed it. Gov. McClellan, however, was more approachable, and the act received his signature. Under the law Hunter was hanged; and now it is a nice point to know what he is going to do about it. The decision of the Attorney-General was given in view of the stay of proceedings asked in the case of Smith-Bennett, who were to be hanged the 25th of July. The Court of Errors has approved the ruling of the A.-G., and thrown out the right of error; yet counsel has a right now to go to the Supreme Court and appeal from thence, if necessary. But they must hurry up, as the Governor cannot delay an execution longer than ninety days, by law.

It is fortunate the negro Cox confessed the murder of Mrs. Hall, else "our best police" would have hanged the Doctor as proof that their pet theory was O. K. Why didn't the darkey say he found the jewels, so the police could say the Doctor threw them out at the window after killing his wife, to throw our wonderful detectives off the track. Pity that a newspaper reporter must prove himself such a malapert, and spoil all the police's nice theories and schemes to murder an innocent man. VIOLA.

Will of the Prince Imperial.

NEW YORK, July 15.—The will of Prince Napoleon is published here to-day. It is written in his own hand, and dated at Chislehurst, February 26, 1879. The following are the chief points: I die in the Catholic Apostolic and Roman religion, in which I was born. I desire that my body shall be placed near that of my father, pending the time when they both shall be transported to where the founder of our house reposes in the midst of the French people, whom we have, like him dearly loved. My last thought will be of my country. It is for France that I would wish to die. I constitute my well beloved mother, Empress Eugenie, my sole legatee, she being charged with attending to the following legacies: I leave 200,000 to my cousin, Prince J. N. Murat; I leave 100,000 francs M. F Pietri, in gratitude for his good services; I leave 100,000 francs to M. Lebaron Corvisart, in acknowledgment of his devotion; I leave 100,000 francs to M'lle De Larminat, who has always shown herself so attached to my mother; I leave 100,000 francs to M. A. Filou, my old tutor; I leave 100,000 francs to M. L. N. Conneau; 100,000 francs to M. N. Espinesse; 100,000 francs to Capt. A. Bizot, my oldest friend. I desire that my dear mother shall pay a pension for life of 10,000 francs to Prince L. L. Bonaparte, a five pension of 5,000 francs to M. Bachon, my old equerry, and a life pension of 2,500 francs each to M'me Shierry and to Ahiman I desire that all my other servants be never deprived of their situations.

The Number of Union Troops.

WASHINGTON, July 12.—A statement has been issued by the War Department giving the number of men furnished the Union Army by each State and Territory and the District of Columbia, from April 15, 1861, to the close of the war of the rebellion It shows the total number of volunteers was 2,678,967, distributed as follows: Maine, 72,114; New Hampshire, 36,629; Vermont, 35,262; Massachusetts, 152,048; Rhode Island, 23,699; Connecticut, 57,379; New York, 467,047; New Jersey, 81,010; Pennsylvania, 366,107; Delaware, 13,670; Maryland, 50,316; West Virginia, 32,068; District of Columbia, 16,872; Ohio, 319,659; Indiana, 197,147; Illinois 259,147; Michigan, 89,372; Wisconsin, 96,424; Minnesota, 25,052; Iowa, 76,309; Missouri, 109,111; Kentucky, 79,025; Kansas, 20,151; Tennessee, 31,092; Arkansas, 8,289; North Carolina, 3,156—two regiments of cavalry; California, 15,725; Nevada, 1,080; Oregon, 1,810; Washington Territory, 964; Nebraska Territory, 3,157; Colorado Territory, 4,903; Dakota Territory, 256; New Mexico Territory, 6,561; Alabama, 2,576; Florida, 2,190; Louisiana, 8,224; Mississippi, 545; Texas, 1,965, and the Indian Nation, 3,503. The troops furnished by Southern States were, with the exception of those of Louisiana, nearly all white. Florida furnished two regiments of cavalry; Alabama one white regiment; Mississippi, one battalion.

Our Radical neighbor gets off such logic as this: "That Democrats who vote for Perkins, a monopoly Republican, rather than for Glenn, a life-long Democrat, will be all the better Democrats for so doing." If the readers of the *Mail* swallow such bosh and nonsense as this, they are more easily duped than we expected.

Great Unreserved Sale

AT A. ALEXANDER'S

WHITE HOUSE.

A Sheriff's Slaughter of Dry Goods, Clothing, Etc.

HAVING PURCHASED THE

ENTIRE STOCK OF R. FORRESTER

AT SHERIFF'S SALE

For Fifty Cts. on a Dollar,

Will offer the people of Yolo and vicinity this stock of

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,

Etc., etc., on hand at such

A Great Reduction from former prices,

That an examination will prove the inducements offered.

THIS GREAT UNRESERVED SALE

WILL BE HELD

FOR NINETY DAYS ONLY!

☞ Don't miss this chance to buy Cheap Goods. A word to the wise is sufficient. Call and be convinced at

A. ALEXANDERS WHITE HOUSE,

jy3w3m MAIN STREET, WOODLAND.

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AMERICAN REPRINT.

I am now prepared to take subscriptions for the above work in Yolo County.

THIS WORK NEEDS NO PRAISE!

More Complete and Comprehensive than all Cyclopædias

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Summer Trade.

1879.

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GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

Has on hand Heavy Stocks of Dry Goods, Ready Made Clothing, Boots, Hats, Hardware, Crockery, Farm Implements,

BUILDING AND SHELF-HARDWARE

FRESH FAMILY GROCERIES,

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Ten per cent. will be deducted on all Cash Sales of over Five Dollars.

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Pays Cash for Grain and Wool. my24w

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Pioneer Corner Store,

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A Large and Well Selected Stock of

FIRST-CLASS

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WOODLAND MEAT MARKET!

A few doors West of Postoffice,

BARNES & CO., Proprietors.

[Successor to Byrns, Gable & Co.]

ALL KINDS OF

FRESH AND SALT MEATS

Kept constantly on hand, and of the best qualities, including Beef, Mutton, Veal, Pork, Sausage, Lard, Etc., Etc.

The Highest Price Paid for Fat Cattle, Hogs and Sheep.

A DELIVERY WAGON will carry meats to any part of town.

The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited, and all who favor us with their orders may rely on fair dealing. jy1dw

J. K. SMITH,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

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COLLEGE BLOCK, MAIN ST.,

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UNDERTAKING promptly attended to.

A fine new hearse in connection with the business. je1-dw

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Now used in

Dr. Warner's Health Corset

And **Skirt Supporters** are the greatest improvement ever made in Corsets. They are as soft as velvet, very flexible and contain no bones.

Price by mail, $1.50; Nursing Corset, $1.75.

THE FLEXIBLE HIP CORSET,

(120 Bones) fits with perfect ease and is *Warranted* not to break over the hips.

Price, . . $1.25.

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GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES,

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PLATED & SILVERWARE,

GOLD PENS, ETC.

The public are cordially invited to call and examine goods and prices. All goods warranted as represented or money refunded.

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C. D. MORIN,

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PLUMBING, GAS-FITTING,

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METAL ROOFING

And Manufacturer of

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HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS OF ALL KINDS IN HIS LINE.

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TOOLS FOR BORING WELLS Can be had at my Store.

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Watches, Clocks,

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Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired in a satisfactory manner and on short notice. [je1w

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Gives notice to his old customers and the public generally, that he has removed to

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A few doors above his old place, in the same block, where he has a splendid Stock of Furniture of all kinds. Give him a call.

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Heretofore conducted by **Johnson & Mossmayer**, propose to sell Meats at **6, 8, 10, and 12½ Cents** per pound, and respectfully solicit the patronage of their old customers and the public generally. Bills will be collected monthly.

Market in College Block,

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Meat Delivered anywhere in Town.

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GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES BY

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Until further notice, we will make suits to order as follows:

SUITS.

Black Suits worth	$56	for	$45 00
Business " "	45	"	35.00
" " "	35	"	25.00

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French Doeskin worth	$14	for	$12.00
Pants " "	9	"	7.00
" "	7	"	5.00
" "	6	"	4.50

The gentlemen of Woodland and vicinity are invited to give us a call.

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One door West of Postoffice, Woodland.

March 30th, 1879. je1dw

$300 A MONTH guaranteed. $12 a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as anyone can go right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their addresses at once and see for themselves. Costly outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. jy4dw

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As they import their goods DIRECT FROM THE FACTORIES!

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WOODLAND, Sept. 24, 1874. jy1w

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Good Boarding and Comfortable Rooms

At reasonable prices by the day or week. The table will be supplied with the best the market affords.

No Chinese Cooks Employed.

Free 'bus to and from all passenger trains.

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To the Ladies of Woodland and Vicinity.

Rag Carpet Manufactory.

The undersigned wishes to inform the public that he has just established himself in Woodland, and is prepared to weave rag carpets for all who wish them.

PRICES:

Fancy Patterns, per yard	50 cts
Patterns with white warp, per yard	45 cts
Plain Patterns, per yard	40 cts

For Sale at Nickelsburg Bros.'

Orders left at Porter's Store will be promptly attended to.

jy18-3m THOMAS McCANNA.

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Board and Lodging, $6.00 to $12.00 per Week. Single Meals, 25 cts. Board $4.00 per Week. Single Rooms, 50 cts. Family Rooms, $1@$2.50 Fine Wines at the Bar. A Billiard Room attached. (Street Cars pass the door every Six Minutes.)